*Week ending December 18 1954* *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

# JOHN BULL

**Third Special Supplement**

## THE LIFE OF JESUS

**Journey Into Britain**
**TYNESIDE**
**by Harry Hopkins**

**Ten Years After**
**THE ARDENNES**
**by Capt. Liddell Hart**

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

# *The man who discovered what to give for Christmas*

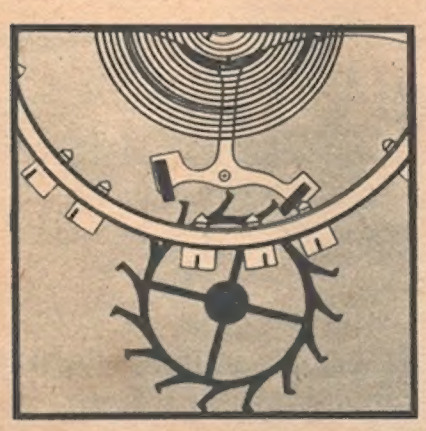
There was a man who had a daughter. And he thought that no-one else had a daughter half so kind and clever and lovely. And he wanted to give her a present that would make her eyes shine.

He puzzled for weeks. And suddenly he knew. A beautiful watch would be exciting, her first jewellery, something she could be vain about.

A reliable and lasting watch would be something she could use a hundred times a day, every day, for many years.

A trustworthy jeweller showed him that good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watches, made by the world's best craftsmen, are watches like that.

So she became a very proud daughter.*



* *The Swiss make men's watches just as carefully as women's.*

**THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH**

*432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.*

***Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard***

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

# Roll back the years!

## A new life can begin this week

### Everyone over 40 needs extra vitamins and minerals

**ADVISE WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHORITIES**

THERE's no need to feel old and depressed before your time. If you suffer vague aches and pains and are getting that "over-40" feeling, this doesn't necessarily mean *that your body has suddenly grown old, and that you have to give in to advancing age.*

You probably only need extra vitamins. Vitamins are the vital substances we must have in our diet, but a proportion of which is often lost by modern cooking methods.

Vykmin Vitamin and Mineral Capsules are usually prescribed for over 40's to prevent and correct conditions that may be due to vitamin and mineral deficiency.

**Faulty circulation, frequent colds, increased liability to illness in winter, periodic digestive upsets, skin disorders, general weakness and debility, undue tiredness**—all these when you are over 40 can mean the years are taking toll. Vykmin taken *daily* throws back the years, keeps you *feeling* young!

The daily dosage of Vykmin's eight life-giving vitamins A, $B_1$, $B_2$, $B_6$, C, D, E, and PP (Nicotinamide), is based upon the recommendations of the British Medical Association and other world-eminent authorities. This daily dosage includes the minerals Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron and Manganese.

**"YOU ARE SUN-STARVED" DOCTORS WARN**

**The chances are that you have probably been sun-starved this summer. Our bodies *need* sunshine for the vitamins it helps them to make. Vykmin Vitamin and Mineral Capsules contain the vitamins our bodies have been missing, fortifying them against coming winter ills.**

Remember Vykmin Vitamin and Mineral Capsules contain not just 1 or 2 vitamins but 8 vitamins and 4 minerals found in large quantities of cod and halibut liver oil, wholewheat flour, yeast, treacle, yoghourt, milk, eggs, meat, fish, fruit and vegetables —when uncooked.

*Vykmin is especially efficacious for children as well as people over 40, and for adolescents a double dose is recommended.*

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## EDITORIAL

# *Quiet, please!*

ANDRE DUBOIS, the new Prefect of Police in Paris, has wrought a miracle. The capital of France, which used to be one of the noisiest cities in the world, is becoming the quietest.

Jerome Kern wrote in his famous song, "The Last Time I Saw Paris": "I dodged the same old taxi-cabs that I had dodged for years; the music of their squeaky horns was magic to my ears."

With a greater regard for the peace and quiet of Parisians than for the sentimental memories of visitors, André Dubois silenced the horns with a decree that forbade all hooting from August 1. A toot cost a pound.

SCEPTICS said that it would never work. Even if it did, they added, casualties would be enormous. It does work. The streets of Paris are almost quiet. It is now possible to sleep at night and chat by day—and the road casualties are down, not up.

ANDRE DUBOIS
*He wrought a miracle*

Now, M. Dubois is taking another step in his campaign for silence. From the first day of the new year, the "violent unloading of dustbins and other large metal objects" will be illegal. They must be lifted and carried.

And cars and motor-cycles must have really efficient silencers fitted to their exhausts. Ten thousand gendarmes stand ready to take the names and addresses of those who make any unnecessary noise.

Inhabitants of our own noisy cities wonder why something of the same spirit of hush cannot enter Mr. Gwilym Lloyd George, the Home Secretary, and the chief constables of Britain.

Hooting is already prohibited in built-up areas after 11.30 at night, and there are laws which state that all motor vehicles must be efficiently silenced. But the law does not seem to be very stringently enforced.

THERE were only 2,912 prosecutions last year, and the police warned 2,105 offenders. Yet every citizen must have winced ten thousand times during the year at excessive noises from vehicles.

Young men on motor-cycles, especially, take a delight in creating as much noise as they can—sometimes even removing the baffle plates from their silencers to make a more satisfying roar.

André Dubois was not the first to make war on noise. Finland put a complete ban on car horns more than twenty years ago. Is it not time that we followed their lead and made the streets of Britain quiet and pleasant?

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# FREE SPEECH

## She must pay to live at home

AFTER her training at a good secretarial college, our eighteen-year-old daughter has just started work in her first job.

She wants to live at home; my wife and I are comfortably off, and we can easily afford to keep her. But she is earning over £6 a week, and my wife feels that she ought to pay something towards her keep.

"She gets everything done for her here, and there's nowhere else where she could live rent-free," is my wife's argument, and I find it hard to counter.

Yet I believe that although this is the practice in most families, it isn't fair.

The girl is young and ready to enjoy herself, and it won't do her any harm to have six or seven pounds a week to spend or save as she pleases. This will probably be the only time in her life when she can.

Why should we take money that we don't need, just for the sake of it?

A compromise has been suggested by our daughter. She will pay us for her keep, and we shall save the money to give her when she leaves home.—A. V. WRIGHT, Grantham, Lincolnshire.

### *Back To Nature*

AS a boy in Sussex, I was once given a small black tortoise by an old labourer who told me that he had found it when he was widening a stream near a river.

He added that more than once he had found such tortoises under similar conditions.

Friends whom I have told about this scoff at the idea of a species of wild tortoise in Great Britain. — THOMAS WOOLGAR, Evelina Mansions, New Church Road, London.

*The London Zoo says that what the labourer found were probably terrapins—small, black, water tortoises. These are not found in their natural state in Britain, but are often kept in captivity. Being good climbers, they escape easily, and can live "wild" for long periods in this country.*

The next issue of John Bull will be on sale on

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21

### *Rough And Tumble*

IN his annual report, the principal school medical officer of Northumberland says that many schoolchildren are "over-indulged and over-protected."

"Children must be trained to meet the stresses of life," he concludes.

There are regular reports of indignant teachers complaining when parents object to young children being given corporal punishment.

And only last week my own son's teacher suggested that, at six, "he is quite old enough to come to school alone"—even though it means crossing two dangerous main roads.

I don't approve of this educationists' creed that we must bring up our children from an early age to be rugged individualists.

Self-sufficiency is not far from selfishness. My son will have plenty of opportunity to stand on his own feet when he's a few years older.—MRS. HILDA JENNINGS, Morpeth, Northumberland.

### *Leading Lady*

IN his interesting story *Shoot First!* Ronnie Noble tells how, on a plane trip to the Far East, he first met the girl who was to become his wife.

I once knew her as Mavis Hill, the actress. She was in the first Ensa party to go to Normandy after D-Day, and I was in the audience for her show *Here's How*.

When the war was over, I went to see *The Town Roars*, at the Chiswick Empire Theatre in London —and Mavis Hill was the leading lady. And when I took my family

to the Christmas pantomime *Mother Goose* at Brighton, we saw her as the principal boy. — V. S. JAMES, Lewes, Sussex.

*Ronnie Noble says that his wife gave up a promising stage career to marry him. As Mrs. Noble explains: "The job of being wife to a newsreel cameraman seemed more than enough for one woman."*

*The photograph shows her in "Mother Goose."*

### *Return Fare*

HAVING bought a ticket on a railway station, I found afterwards that I had been overcharged.

I wrote and explained this. Some time later, I received an apology and a cash voucher for the amount of the overcharge, "less a nominal sum for office expenses." The nominal sum was nearly 10 per cent of the rebate.

This is the first time that I have heard of any organization charging its customers for its own mistakes.—R. WALLS, Filey, Yorkshire.

*British Railways says that the charge for office expenses is only made when the mistake was in some part the fault of the purchaser of the ticket. In any case, it never exceeds one shilling.*

### *Caribbean Christmas*

THIS year, I shall be enjoying my first English Christmas after six years in the West Indies.

But in the sub-tropical Caribbean, I once had a *white* Christmas. One Christmas Eve, my wife and I went to a party; we arrived to find our hosts' driveway covered with snow.

There was more snow on the purple-blossomed bougainvillea bushes, on the lawn and on the mango trees.

The party was sitting on the veranda, the women wearing thin, off-the-shoulder dresses, and the men in tropical suits.

I bent to touch the snow: it was sticky. My host told me how he had arranged it. "Simple, old man. We mixed up condensed milk, soap flakes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

# Folly to be wise?

Only if ignorance is bliss can wisdom be folly. But what folly to be ignorant of one of the finest drinks England has to offer!

What drink is that?

Mackeson's, of course! Mackeson's adds a quite new dimension to your pleasure. It's a rich, *strong* stout—a friendly stout with a cheering glow. It has a flavour that is soft and mellow—yet withal, extraordinarily stimulating. And it has a special *smoothness* all its own—the unique Mackeson's smoothness that has made it famous. Try it . . .

**MACKESON'S!**

**So strong – so smooth**

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THE POWER TO STOP PAIN

'ANADIN'—the power to stop pain.
At all Chemists 1/9d. and 3/6d.


# FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

and water, then churned them round in a small electric pump. It's good snow, too—it's got staying-power."

The staying-power was so great that after a lot of rain, the garden was still covered in snow ten days later.—A. H. G., Worcester.

### Duty Free

AT Porteynon, in the Gower Peninsular, there is a house known as the "Culver Hole." It was built in the thirteenth century and is of great historical interest.

It can only be reached from the sea, or by climbing down from the

headland at Porteynon Point. The massive wall has several apertures, as you can see from my photograph.

Some people believe that, in medieval times, the Culver Hole was part of a castle, and did duty as a reserve larder when fresh food was scarce. No trace of a castle remains in the area, though, so one is left to guess at the real reason for the Culver Hole.—Samuel Warriner, Elmbridge Road, Gloucester.

*The most general explanation for the Culver Hole is that it is a natural cave which was built up into a smugglers' stronghold for the storage of loot. There is no record of a castle ever having stood nearby.*

### Under Control

WHEN I was a very small child, my mother used to put me in a high chair at the kitchen table. I was expected to sit there for quite a time while my mother did her housework.

I notice, however, that the young children of today *must* be on the move—no sitting still for them!

Have parents less control, or are children more restless? — Miss E. D. A., Loughborough.

*A doctor says that parents are more sensible nowadays. What toddlers need is unlimited activity within a safe area.*

### Joy Ride

IN his "Consider Your Verdict" about the taxi driver (John Bull, November 20), Russell Scott gives the impression that a taxi driver is never allowed to accept or ask more than the fare shown on his meter.

The law states, however, that where a driver is engaged for a journey which exceeds a prescribed distance of six miles, he may make a special bargain with his passenger, for the payment of a fare, which may exceed the amount registered on the meter (Goodman v. Serle, 1947).—A. Tanaman, St. Peter's Close, Ruislip.

*Russell Scott says that the case he described, and his verdict, gave the correct general position throughout the country. The "six-mile limit" in Goodman v. Serle applies only in the London area and, furthermore, such a case is "abnormal," because a driver is not obliged to take his passenger more than six miles in London. If he chooses to do so, he can strike his own bargain.*

### Special Delivery

WITH an important letter and no stamp, I arrived at the letter-box in time for the last collection.

Reluctant to post it without a stamp, I asked the driver of the familiar red van if he could sell me one. "Sorry, we don't carry them," was the reply.

My letter was posted a day later, and I was left wishing that city postmen would carry a supply of stamps as they do in country districts.—John Atkinson, Outram Street, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

*The G.P.O. says that country postmen sell stamps, and will accept packets for posting, on their rounds, for rural post offices are often widely separated. This does not apply to postmen in towns and cities.*

### Head First

WHEN I was in the Faeroe Islands, I was the guest of honour at many Faeroese parties. As such, I was "privileged" to accept pieces of dried raw mutton that were broken off and offered to me before the meal —and not to accept was to give great offence.

Life is pretty grim out there, but it has its moments. During April,

everybody flies a flag—Danish or Faeroese, according to his nationality.

A Faeroese host of mine found that his flag was smaller than his Danish neighbour's, and very seriously he at once went out to buy a larger one.

The occasion I shall never forget was the day I was followed by all the people—and the sheep—on one island, because of my "strange" headgear—a trilby hat.—Harold Howarth, Whitefield, near Manchester.

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**John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service**

# THIS WEEK'S COVER

Nine—eight—seven more shopping days to Christmas, and a not-so-jovial Santa wonders if it's worth it. Literally up to his neck in preparations, he'll spend the next week assuring his cronies with a patient smile that "we just do it for the children"—until the Day arrives. Then he'll be a genial Woden, St. Nicholas and Father Christmas wrapped in one. Michael Critchlow smiles wryly. He booked his grown-up family at a Wiltshire hotel to avoid this week's cover scene. "But I soon learned," he comments, "that the bigger your youngsters, the bigger the gifts they want. I'm also searching hard for my fare."

# For a happy Christmas —WINE!

There's no happier drink for this happy season than wine! Nothing else so surely warms the heart, brightens the wits, helps digestion, makes food taste so good. Cost? You can get sound table wines for as little as 6/- a bottle—enough for four people. Any wine you like is the *right* wine—but these brief notes may help your choice.

**SHERRY**
Most people find a dry or medium dry sherry the perfect appetizer before meals or with the soup. Fuller-flavoured sherries are excellent with dessert—or to drink at any time, alone or with a biscuit.

**WHITE WINE**
Dry white wines are delicious with fish, white meats, salads, and other dishes of delicate flavour. Sweeter white wines come into their own with the sweet course. And champagne goes with everything!

**RED WINE**
Glowing and genial, red wines are natural companions for roasts and grills, poultry and game, cheese and savoury dishes. Mulled wine, hot and spicy, is splendid for winter parties.

**PORT**
Port—vintage, tawny, or ruby—is a wonderful drink with dessert, to round off a good meal. Like sherry, port keeps a long time after opening—so you can always offer your friends a glass.

**Easy to buy, easy to serve.** Don't be confused by the wine list! Your wine merchant (or the wine waiter) will gladly advise you. For serving, just remember one rule: red wines are best at room temperature, white wines and champagne should be cold but not *iced*.

## Wine costs so little- adds so much!

For "A SHORT GUIDE TO WINE," ask your wine merchant, or write or telephone to The Friends of Wine, Dept. 43, Vintners' Hall, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.4 (City 5377).

**How does she get that glorious**

*Silken Sheen?*

SHE'S THE GIRL that's loved—and looks it! . . . the girl with hair that glistens and sparkles with radiant loveliness.

She's the girl who uses 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo. Try it! You'll find that this wonderful Shampoo mixes into rich, luxurious lather that gently cleanses your hair, then rinses out completely. Your hair will shine with glorious silken sheen!

Ask for 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo today. Price 4½d.

**Vaseline*** SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

*Makes your hair clean—gives it silken sheen*

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## Keep on taking FACES & PLACES this winter

Don't put your camera away for the winter—you can go on taking exciting photographs on Ilford HP3—as these examples show.
With this famous high speed film, which fits all popular cameras, your winter FACES AND PLACES, *indoors and out*, will be just as successful as your summer snaps—and just as easy to take.

## ILFORD HP3 FILM

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(and his future too !)

Make your dog a present of the Red Heart Christmas pack containing three 8-oz. tins of Red Heart, a **chocolate-flavoured solid rubber ball** and a stocking in which to hang them on the tree, complete with an attractive greetings tag.

From grocers, pet shops, chemists PRICE **4/9d.**

There is nothing so good and appetising as Red Heart for your dog's Christmas dinner—and for *every* day too!

*The RIGHT feed for every breed*

## RED HEART DOG FOOD

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*The sweetest friend of the family*

*Bassett's* ALLSORTS

*The* **QUALITY** *line!*

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# For Christmas

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STATE EXPRESS

## 'THREE THREES'

CIGARETTES

*Always first class quality*

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**Ordinary laxatives couldn't free her from sluggishness and undigested fats—**

*She is a new woman since taking*

# BILE BEANS LAXATIVE *PLUS*

**Are you constipated, sluggish, troubled with indigestion?**

Do you wake tired, liverish, out of sorts with everybody? It may be that a faulty digestion or sluggish liver is causing undigested fats and other harmful wastes to accumulate. These toxic food wastes can be the unsuspected cause of many common ills and of 'auto-intoxication' (a disorder of the bloodstream). A single purpose laxative brings only limited relief. Attack the *cause* of the trouble with Bile Beans Laxative Plus—they contain an *extra* ingredient, sodium tauroglycocholate, recommended by doctors everywhere for breaking up and gently disposing of fats and other harmful residues. Take Bile Beans at bedtime—tomorrow you will look and feel your radiant best.

*You'd be better taking*

## BILE BEANS LAXATIVE *PLUS*

★ *All Bile Beans now on sale are Bile Beans Laxative Plus.*

# THE ENEMY BOY

*by* ***MARK DERBY***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

"Go home," said the bandit—then changed his mind. He would need the boy after all

YOUNG SANDY POINTED a small, brown finger through the barbed strands of the apron wire fence, across a dip planted with dark rows of rubber trees and up to the green wall of jungle. For a moment he listened to the muted roar of the great falls which the jungle hid, then he said: "And the big pond underneath the falls is where the tigers come and drink when the sun sets."

He lowered his grave, five-year-old voice like a pilgrim pointing the way to a shrine. "They sit down beside the pond and drink the water with their tongues, like cats. And next day you can see the marks of their paws in the mud, as big as jeep wheels."

Ann Oliver put up a hand to shield her sea-blue eyes from the Malayan sun and asked: "Did Corporal Kasim tell you?"

Hearing the name of the Malay commander of the bungalow security guard, Sandy smiled with affection. "Yes," he said. "Mummy, when can I go and see the tigers' pug marks?"

"We'll have to ask Daddy," Ann answered, sighing as she saw how the barbed wire threw a sharp black shadow across her son's earnest face. Once again she asked herself whether a battlefield was the right place for a young child. And once again she gave herself the answer that was an article of faith for her: the right place for a young child was with his mother and father, and the right place for a wife was with her husband. So if Gray's job was on a battlefield, then a battlefield was the right place for her and Sandy.

She had stood by that answer all along, despite her mother back in London, despite most of her friends, despite the advice of a few other planters' wives. Despite Gray's own doubts.

It wasn't that she was tough or brave. The thought of terrorist ambushes, of cars under a hail of automatic fire plunging off the road with

**Sandy shouted out: "Daddy!" and at once the bandit dropped down on one knee behind him. "Your hands up, Mr. Oliver!" he demanded**

a dead driver's hands gripping the wheel, of murders, snipings and atrocities too horrible to be reported in the papers, the thought of all that turned her to water inside. But she believed that marriage was a contract of loyalty, and interpreted it in her own way.

She hadn't married a rubber planter. She had married an ex-planter who'd returned to England to join his brother in a radio engineering business. But after five years her brother-in-law, who'd taken care of the financial side, or should have taken care, revealed a chaotic state of affairs which only Gray's savings had redeemed from bankruptcy. The offer of a high-salary contract just then to take over a Malayan rubber estate in a bad area, in succession to two managers who had been killed in ambushes, had been too much of a godsend for Gray to turn it down.

Nowadays, folks at home seemed to think the shooting was over in Malaya. It wasn't. Although there were far fewer terrorists than in the past few years, and they were on the run, they could still be numbered in thousands. And they still murdered. Outpost planters like Gray were safer now, but they weren't safe.

Her heart aching a little for the adventure-hunger in her small son's eyes, she took his hand and led him away from the wire.

"Time for siesta," she said.

ANN woke with an uneasy start. Something was wrong. Her eyes snapped open and turned from the furled folds of her mosquito net above her to the door. It had been thrown open and the plump Chinese *amah*, Ah Liong, was firing a question in urgent Malay.

"Mem! Is Sandy with you?"

She looked at Gray's bed, next to hers, where Sandy always had his siesta. It was empty.

In the London blitz, during her teens, Ann had discovered how calm most people looked in moments of horror and disaster. Now it was the same with her. She was dressing and putting on her shoes, wasting no time in horror at what had happened but working out what must happen next.

When she telephoned the office the clerk told her what she had expected, that Gray was out at one of the divisions. She put down the phone and called through the window to the guard who hovered by the alarm gong. The next second the hot valley seemed to expand and contract with the booming of the great gong.

Gray was probably no more than two miles away. He'd be on his way back before the first deafening boom had melted into the second.

To Corporal Kasim she said in Malay: "He must have dressed again as soon as I was asleep, and crept out."

"It was an hour ago we saw him go down behind the bamboo hedge," the distressed corporal told her. "We thought the gardener was down there, so we did not keep watch. There is a hole through the *lalang* grass under the wire. He must have got out that way."

When she rang the military headquarters down at Batu Penaga, it was Sergeant Strang who answered her, the big West Country sergeant who had taught her on the battalion range to handle an automatic and a Number Five rifle. He told her the Dyak trackers were all out on patrol and his own platoon the only one in camp, but they'd be there in a hurry.

She replaced the phone. *Oh, Sandy, Sandy*. . . . She put her hand to her eyes for a moment, then found her grip again and rang the police post at Ayer Hijau. By the time she'd reported to the Malay inspector there, Gray's jeep was roaring up the hill.

She wanted to hide. But when she saw Gray's brown face and untidy bleached hair she went out to him and put her hands in his.

"It's Sandy," she said. "He got out under the wire. He's never woken first from siesta before. He dressed himself and went out without waking me."

There was time before he spoke to reflect on the miracle that a woman's life could have two different centres, like a body with two hearts. Gray was the heart of her life, but so was Sandy, too. If she lost one today she might lose the other as well.

**Ann struggled through the jungle, the thought of Sandy driving out her fear**

She fought off panic for three minutes while Gray questioned the guards about Sandy's route. With love she watched the tall, strong figure with the bleached hair, carbine in hand and bomb in leather sling at belt. She looked across at the jungle slopes and asked God to help them.

Gray was behaving as if she weren't there. She told him Sergeant Strang's platoon and a police party from Ayer Hijau were on their way, and he gave his orders for the search. Kasim was to stay and meet the platoon and police and tell them which sectors were already being searched. "And warn them," he added in his easy Malay, "that there is new information that bandit sentries are out and an attack on the factory is rumoured."

HE detailed Constable Jaafar, the guard who was Sandy's most patient Malay teacher, to cut due north with two others up the woodcutters' path into the jungle. He himself was going alone up their left flank in the direction of Sandy's escape route.

He returned to the jeep as he issued the orders, shouting above the engine when he'd started it, and had actually driven it half-way down the

slope before he realized she was on the seat beside him.

He pulled up.

"No, Ann," he said, flashing her a short glance that was somehow evasive and distant.

She only said: "I must come."

She stared steadily into his brown, stern face that glowed with the familiar dusting of red laterite from the estate roads, but he said: "Don't hold me up, Ann. Every second counts."

With the hopelessness of a condemned prisoner, she stumbled out and climbed up past the searchlight to the bungalow. The sun was like a hammer on her head and shoulders and the sight of Sandy's belt and toy revolver holster lying in the monsoon drain like a dead soldier's abandoned weapon did something violent to her heart and she closed her eyes.

Ah Liong came and put an arm round her shoulders. "Come in, Mem," she said gently. "Come in and rest."

Rest! The absurd word turned her away from the kindly arm, drove her down beyond the bamboo hedge to the corner where a small tunnel had been pushed under the wire and through a belt of the fast-growing *lalang* grass, due for re-cutting. Nobody had seen Sandy make that tunnel and nobody saw her bend impulsively down and push her way into it.

Emerging from the belt of *lalang* on to the slope of the rubber grove, she halted and tried to work out what Sandy would have done next.

That was easy. Down by the little stream running through the grove stood a Hindu shrine containing a grotesque black statue which the Tamil tappers had garlanded lavishly with flowers. As soon as she approached it she saw the prints of a pair of small, broad-toed sandals in the mud, saw how they had paused before the statue and then made off upstream.

DIZZY with heat and hope, she followed the footprints until they turned abruptly from the stream and were lost in the coarse grass between the ranks of rubber trees. There she paused, leaning against a scarred trunk, and looked around her. What had drawn him away from the stream?

Of course! She turned her face up to the jungle slope and the dim roar of the great falls and remembered suddenly how completely Sandy's vivid imagination had been dominated during the past two days by the picture of the tigers drinking at the pool below the falls. In a flash she realized there could be no other explanation for his running away.

For an hour she fought her way closer to the muffled roar of the falls, first by a tappers' path up avenues of rubber trees, then through a belt of secondary jungle, by a narrow, thorny track where her heart leaped when she saw at one turn of it the print of a small, broad-toed sandal, and finally through the primeval jungle itself. There she discovered that Sergeant Strang hadn't been exaggerating when he'd told her of soldiers who strayed only a dozen yards from their patrol and got totally lost, of bandits undetected within arm's length of search patrols. . . .

There was still a path of sorts, half choked with thorns and booby-trapped with tough creepers, but the dark, steaming wall of jungle on each side made her feel as if she'd been buried alive. Behind the green wall the falls roared and the biggest parade of beasts since Noah's Ark roamed. Unseen.

At the end of the hour the green wall on her left thinned to a leaf screen and through it she glimpsed the river. She passed through the screen and stood under a pair of trees taller than Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square and the river was at her feet, sparkling and swift among a scatter of rocks large and small.

The sun on the leaping water dazzled her after the darkness of the jungle, so that when she saw something being swept towards the boulder by which she stood, something that bobbed and

*Continued on page 39*


# JOHN BULL'S FICTION PROGRAMME FOR 1955

SIX years ago, on November 13, 1948, we began publication of our first serial—H. E. Bates's *Jacaranda Tree*. It marked the beginning of our policy of presenting the very best in contemporary fiction, before book publication. Over forty novels have appeared since, by such internationally famous writers as Agatha Christie, Nevil Shute, Nigel Balchin, C. S. Forester, Hammond Innes, John Masters and Victor Canning. Almost without exception, they became best-sellers. Now, for the seventh year in succession, we have planned a varied programme of outstanding novels for your enjoyment. Among the first to appear will be the latest works of . . .

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*The Noonday Sun*, illustrated in full colour by Zelinski, will begin next week. To make sure of reading this exciting novel and the others that follow . . .

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# WHERE THE THISTLE MEETS THE ROSE

**Harry Hopkins, in his JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN, visits Tyneside's unique landscape . . . where man plants forests in a land of coal, and a breath of Scotland lingers faintly in the air**

At the Border in the middle of nowhere, Florence Beeson looks after Deadwater Station for British Railways. There are six trains a day—with hikers' specials in the summer months

There are no pit shafts in the modern mine at Havannah where Joseph Maugham (right) is manager. The road slopes deep into the earth

THE COLLIERY WAGON rolled swiftly down the incline and clashed to a halt where the wooden staging ran out on high, spindly legs into the river. A workman knocked the bottom open, and the coal, released, went rattling merrily down the "spout" into the hold of an old 1,500-ton collier, moving gently in the tide below.

All along both banks of the Tyne, from Derwent Haugh, well above the Newcastle bridges, to South Shields at the mouth, from Scotswood to Whitehill Point, the colliers lay under the high staiths as the black cascades poured into them, or bunched together in mid-river, waiting their turn. All along Tyneside, in Northumberland on one side and Durham on the other, scores of pits were connected with these river loading points by their own colliery lines, a private railway system—duly inherited by the National Coal Board—amounting, in all, to several hundred miles.

A little way down river, a thick smudge of smoke marked the spot where the South Shields trawlers and a Tyne tug or two, low in the water, were taking on coal. A little beyond again, at the same staith, a Finnish ship, the Signe, was enveloped in a cloud of black dust as she took on "fines"—otherwise known to the trade as "duff"—which would probably be mixed with sawdust to fuel Swedish power stations. The trimmers were just climbing aboard with the curious long steel plates they use as shovels. "They're the chaps who make the money," said someone, enviously. "The twenty pounds a week touch, that."

### Runs In Europe's Bloodstream

And though, as coalman to the world, Britain has fallen from her former grimy glory, the coal ships from Denmark and Italy and Egypt and Greece and Spain still shuttle in and out of this river of coal in this island of coal; the Tyne still runs in Europe's bloodstream. Nearly all collier men are Tynesiders. Once, I was told, there used to be a special crowd of collier men. They stuck all their lives to colliers, often to a single ship. There was a family feeling about the job then. Now it's different. The men, at least, come and go all the time. Often they are just sent along by the "Pool" authorities.

"Had a lad aboard from the Queen Mary last trip," said a second mate. "He didna stay though. . . ."

In recent years, to attract and hold crews, British coal ship owners have been doing quite astonishing things to John Masefield's "dirty British coaster."

"A smashing job," said a young South Shields wife, telling me about her husband's latest collier, the motor vessel Amberley. "He has a

**Along the hill crests runs the Roman wall that Hadrian built. Foster Dixon, the mason, is the Hadrian of today: he keeps the wall in repair**

plastic cabin. Had to get him a little cream clock to keep on his bedside table. Every man's got a cabin to himself, with a shower. And there's a very nice messroom, with a lift from the crew's own galley."

Meanwhile, my battered old collier, without plastic, utterly devoid of chromium, without even a single lift for bringing up the crew's tea, moved gently against the high, spindly timbers of the staith. The staith had been pouring its black streams into the Tyne for more than a century and a quarter. The old stone engine-house at the top of the incline, where the wire cable still spins around its ancient drum, looks like something out of a yellowing print illustrating the early days of some pioneer engineer.

As indeed it might well be. For the Railway Age was born right here, on these old coal wagonways down to the Tyne. At first, in the seventeenth century, the rails had been wooden; then, later, iron plates were nailed to the curves.

## Railway Was Called Fantastic

By the time a twenty-two year old Tynesider named George Stephenson was in charge of the Watt steam engines used for pumping and winding at the Killingworth colliery, a few miles back from the Tyne, the wagonway rails were of smooth iron. So that when the Killingworth boss gave his young self-taught enginewright the little job of constructing a steam locomotive to haul his coal down to the Tyne, naturally the engine ran on smooth rails (a thing most people thought fantastic) and rails four feet eight inches apart—half an inch short of the standard gauge of British railways today.

But these Tyneside coal mines, which go back to pre-Roman days, were making English history much earlier than that. The Tyneside seamen who man the colliers today are heirs to the great tradition of the Newcastle keelmen, that doughty tribe who in their lighters ferried the "sea-coles" down to the waiting ships in the river mouth, bringing the first "sulphurous fumes" and hints of peasoupers to medieval London.

The pale sun gleamed on the dark, swiftly flowing waters. Just across from the staith where I stood, a long, sleek oil tanker with a low red and green smokestack waited in mid-river to go into the Jarrow oil jetty. Blue flames—from welders at work—twinkled like stars in the shipyard across the river. The roar of the riveting hammers swelled to a sudden crescendo. The Hebe, a butter-and-bacon boat from Denmark, moved silently by on her way up to Newcastle Quay. Behind came the little Fixity, another Tyne regular, with a cargo of grain from London.

Here, on the banks of the Tyne, Man changed scale. He felt himself to belong to a world of masculine activity, purposeful, all-powerful, earth-girdling.

From this river Tyne more English seamen have long sailed than from any other river in the island. Wherever in the world today there is a British ship there are Tynesiders aboard her. Here, along these steep Tyne banks, lay one of the greatest concentrations of heavy industry in the world, pouring out great ships and locomotives and big guns and turbines and tanks. And here, along the Tyne, was bred one of those special races of islanders which go to make up and enrich and fortify that elusive, unanalysable complex which the world knows as "the English."

Here, no less than on the Thames, the truth declared itself: great rivers are mighty makers of human history. Clearly, to get to the root of things in Tyneside, to discover the essential Geordie, one should surely begin at the beginning: one should start out from the source of the Tyne.

At once a significant fact comes to light: the Tyne is a union of two main streams. There is the North Tyne, rising in the mountains just over the Scottish Border. There is the South Tyne, flowing at first in the opposite direction, rising, near the Tees, on Cross Fell in the heart of the Pennines. But, not far from Hadrian's Wall, the two Tynes, the Scots Tyne and the English Tyne, come together, and flow on, mixed inextricably, towards the sea.

## Still A Tang Of The Heather

As it happened, the first person I spoke to when I got to Newcastle was a Scotsman. *"Hood Street?"* he said. *"Och, Hooood Street, aye!"* With the true voice of the Borderer the world over, the "canny Geordie," the Man of the North, will indignantly repudiate all taint of the foreigner on the wrong side of the frontier —while at the same time punctuating the conversation with interrogative—and Scottish—*"ha-ha's?"* But to the stranger this Border strand in the complex Geordie character remains fascinating; there are moments when a tang of the heather, or at least a strong whiff of Auld Reekie, seems to be borne upon the Newcastle wind.

I got my first sight of the South Tyne from

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Alston, a little grey stone Cumberland Fell town that climbs up a steep hillside. It lays claim to be England's highest market town

At Haltwhistle, the South Tyne makes a right-angled turn and begins to flow east. Pat Brooks, a local girl, looks at the view from "the top of England"

the road that winds over the mountain pass from Penrith—a white-flecked mountain stream rippling along in the bottom of a deep valley.

I passed a farmer rounding up sheep from an Austin saloon, whistling to his dogs through the open window; and then the road and the young river, now a dark, turbulent torrent, were crossing for the first time, at Alston, a little grey stone Cumberland Fell town that climbs up a steep hillside and lays claim to the title of "Highest Market Town in England."

At Haltwhistle, on the Carlisle-Newcastle road, the South Tyne makes a right-angled turn and begins to flow eastwards, through the Tyne Gap. Up there, on that road, one had the feeling of being alone, on the top of England, looking down on the whole island, stretching away to the south. The kingdom of Northumbria is still, as of old, a world a little apart, and a world—despite the clustering bricks-and-mortar along the lower Tyne—bare and windswept and open to the sky.

### The Wall That Hadrian Built

A little to the north, the mountains rose to a crest, following the line of the road, and the eye was soon caught by a stone wall that ran along the top, black and heavy against the sky—the Roman Wall, the wall that Hadrian built all the seventy-four miles from the Solway to Wallsend on the Tyne.

Beyond Twice Brewed (which makes a pair with "Once Brewed," where there is now a youth hostel) a neat green signboard by the roadside announced the "Opening Hours" of the Housesteads Roman Fort. I crossed a soggy field and climbed a hill towards the Wall.

The excavated fort, one of the thirteen deployed along the Wall, each holding a battalion of a thousand men, marked out a two hundred yard long pattern of squares and oblongs upon the green turf of the steep hillside. White-faced sheep grazed in the "Headquarters Building," around the block of masonry where the garrison C.O. (so the guidebook said) took his seat on ceremonial occasions.

The Great Wall joined up with the north wall of the fort and went marching on, first through a small wood, then down one hill and up another, as unhesitating, as irresistible, as a column of tanks. The wall is seven or eight feet wide here, with the original Roman facing stones, great solid square-cut blocks, and you can walk along the top of it for a mile or two.

Over to the north, the ground falls away steeply, then rises in a series of long waves, towards the Cheviots and the Border. A comfortless and empty land. To the south, the prospect is almost as bleak.

Within the fort, a rubber hose went snaking across the turf to the trestle where Foster Dixon, the mason from Corbridge, was working on a collapsing bit of wall. For twenty years he had been working up and down the Wall, somewhere along its length, keeping it in shape.

There were deep grooves in the stone base of the south gateway—just like those you see at Pompeii—worn down by iron-shod chariot wheels.

And then, outside, came that sensational note which so often obtrudes among the dusty complexities of the antiquarian's trade. Among the ruins of the shops and inns and houses of the closely packed settlement clustering around the fort there was a signboard: "Murder House."

William Thompson, the Ministry of Works custodian, told me how he'd stood there, in 1932, when the excavating party from Durham University, digging beneath the house floor, had suddenly laid bare the skeletons of a middle-aged man and woman. "I remember the jaws and teeth were perfect," he said.

### Ears And Eyes Of The Country

Under Roman law, burial within the settlement was strictly forbidden—so it seemed clear that the bodies were being hidden, especially when a small, sharp piece of metal was discovered between the man's ribs—the broken-off point of a sword.

A mile or two south of the wall, the two Tynes, the South Tyne from Cumberland, and the North Tyne from the Border, join up at a little place called Warden, just west of Hexham. A roadman was sweeping up the leaves on the bridge. He nodded: "Yes, this one's the South Tyne here." A gold watch chain swung across his waistcoat. He had the upstanding figure of a farmer and the clear-cut features of a true Northumbrian. His name was Dodds and he was a real country roadman, the eyes and ears of the countryside.

"Funny thing, you know," he said, "the South Tyne here is two degrees colder than the North Tyne. They say that's why the North Tyne's better for salmon. Used to be a great salmon river, the Tyne. When I was a lad, why, you could pick the salmon up with your hands, out from among the willows. Now the Conservancy Board stocks up every year—but there aren't many salmon. Not since all that industry came down the river. Salmon get poisoned on their way up now. . . ."

### Flowed Like Dilute Treacle

From the bridge you couldn't see the place where the two Tynes joined. So I took the path Dodds pointed out, past a couple of cottages, along the river bank. The North Tyne itself cut me off. It flowed smoothly, almost sluggishly, like dilute treacle. Curving around, it poured into the rippling South Tyne, and together they flowed on towards Newcastle and the ocean.

I turned the bonnet of my car northward then. I still had to trace out the Border branch of the Geordie's family tree.

At its southern end, at least, Tynedale is a surprise. It was as warm and smiling and cosy as a valley in Worcestershire. But in the Border country . . . there the road stretched ahead, a lonely grey ribbon across a vast empty land. It was a land like no other in Britain, a land which, one could at moments almost believe, had lain like this since Creation, untrodden by the feet of man.

And then, somehow, imperceptibly almost, one was passing through a countryside alive with activity.

It was at Kielder—on the map just a dot in a void near the head of the Tyne Valley—that all this activity came into focus. A street of half-finished houses ran off at right angles to the

*Continued on page 41*

*Continuing his "Ten Years After" survey, Britain's leading strategist tells of the attack that made half a million American troops play cat and mouse with each other*

# A GERMAN RUSE THROWS AN ARMY INTO PANIC

*by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART*

ON DECEMBER 15, 1944, Montgomery wrote a letter to Eisenhower in which he said that he would like to spend Christmas at home before launching the next big offensive on the Rhine. He enclosed an account for £5 for the payment of a bet that Eisenhower had made the year before, that the war would be ended by Christmas, 1944. That jesting reminder was not very tactful, since only a fortnight earlier—in a letter which "made Ike hot under the collar"—he had pungently criticized Eisenhower's strategy and its failure to finish off the Germans, and had gone on to suggest that Eisenhower should hand over the executive command.

Showing exemplary patience, Eisenhower chose to take Montgomery's second letter as a joke rather than a jab. Replying on December 16, he wrote: "I still have nine days, and while it seems almost certain that you will have an extra five pounds for Christmas, you will not get it until that day."

Neither of them, nor the commanders under them, reckoned with possible enemy interference in the pursuit of their offensive plans. On this day, Montgomery's latest forecast, sent out to his troops in the 21st Army Group, confidently said that "the enemy's situation is such that he cannot stage major offensive operations."

But that very morning, the enemy launched a tremendous offensive which upset the allied commanders' plans. The blow was delivered against the front of the U.S. First Army in the Ardennes, a hilly and wooded sector where the troops had been thinned out in order to amass the maximum force along the flatter avenues into Germany.

Regarding the Ardennes as unsuitable for their attack, the allies tended to disregard it as a likely line of enemy attack. Yet it was here that the Germans, four years earlier, had chosen to stage the *blitzkrieg* which had shattered the allied front in 1940 and produced the collapse of the West.

## Menace Was Not Recognized

The news of the new attack was slow to reach the higher headquarters in the rear, and there they were slower still to recognize its menace. It was late in the afternoon when the news came to S.H.A.E.F., Eisenhower's headquarters at Versailles, where he and Bradley were discussing the next steps in the American offensive. Bradley says frankly that he regarded the German stroke merely as a "spoiling attack," to hinder his own. Eisenhower says that he "was immediately convinced that this was no local attack," but the significant fact is that the two

**The 5th and 6th Panzer Armies planned to take Brussels and Antwerp. Lack of petrol halted their advance, and the allies drove them back**

divisions which he held in S.H.A.E.F. reserve were not alerted for moving to the scene until the evening of the next day, December 17.

By that time, the thin Ardennes front—where four divisions were holding an eighty-mile stretch—had been burst wide open by the assault of nineteen German divisions. Bradley, on getting back to his Tactical H.Q. at Luxembourg, found his puzzled chief of staff brooding over the map in the war-room, and exclaimed: "Where the hell has this so-and-so gotten all his strength?" The situation was worse than his H.Q. yet knew. Panzer spearheads had already penetrated up to twenty miles, and one of them had reached Stavelot. Until then, the commander of the U.S. First Army, Hodges, had also discounted the German thrust. It was only next morning, December 18, that he awoke to the seriousness of the menace on finding that the Germans had passed through Stavelot and were close to Spa and his own headquarters—which were hurriedly moved back to a safer area!

The higher command's slowness in grasping the situation was partly due to the slowness with which information came back to them. This, in turn, was largely due to the way that German commandos, infiltrating in disguise, cut many of the telephone wires running back from the front, and also spread confusion.

## Prisoners Gave Plan Away

But that does not explain the higher command's blindness to the possibility of a German counterstroke in the Ardennes. The intelligence service had known since October that the Panzer divisions were being withdrawn from the fighting line to refit for fresh action, and that part had been formed into a new Sixth Panzer Army.

As early as December 4, a German soldier captured in this sector had revealed that a big attack was being prepared there, and his account was confirmed by many others taken in the days that followed. They also stated that the attack was due during the week before Christmas.

Why did these increasingly significant signs receive such scant attention? The intelligence head of the First Army was not on very good terms with the operational head, nor with the intelligence head of the Army Group, and was also regarded as an alarmist inclined to cry "wolf." Moreover, even he failed to draw clear deductions from the facts that he had gathered.

But besides the lack of clear guidance from the intelligence heads, the miscalculation of the allied higher commanders was due to four factors. They had been on the offensive for so long that they could hardly imagine the enemy taking the initiative. They were so imbued with the military idea that "attack is the best defence" as to become dangerously sure that the enemy could not hit back effectively so long as they continued their own attack. They reckoned that even if the enemy attempted a counterstroke, it would only be in direct reply to their own advance towards Cologne and the industrial centres of the Ruhr. They had counted all the more on such orthodoxy and caution on the enemy's side, since Hitler had re-appointed the veteran Field Marshal von Rundstedt as Commander-in-Chief in the West.

They proved wrong in all these respects, and the misleading effect of the first three was multiplied by their error in the last assumption. For von Rundstedt had nothing to do with the

*Continued on page 44*

THE STORY OF TEA No. 9*

*Delivering fresh supplies to the grocer.*

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# Arthur Askey clowns to save the show

*by NORMAN PHILLIPS*

**He revels in being the impudent life of the party. And when things go wrong, he makes sure the laugh's always on him**

ON THE NIGHT OF Wednesday, October 6, 1954, a London water main burst, causing a fall in pressure that threw most of the West End theatres into confusion. Some hydraulically operated curtains went up and refused to come down; others fell and would not rise again.

As stage crews in a score of theatres improvised repairs, only one actor turned the mishap to advantage. As soon as the curtain failed to rise on Scene Two at the Victoria Palace, a small, gnome-like man, with heavy horn-rimmed glasses, bounded out front and began talking.

"We're in a bit of bother here," said Arthur Bowden Askey. "Curtain's come stuck. Now don't panic, and for heaven's sake don't ask for your money back or poor Jack Hylton will have to flog one of his racehorses."

For the next ten minutes Askey regaled the house with an off-the-cuff performance of his favourite rôle—the indefatigable funny man who steps out of character to give the show away.

Askey's eagerness to talk and play the fool has brought him the reputation of being the life of the party. The B.B.C. credits him with top audience figures on both radio and television. Recently he completed an eighteen-month stage run and a new film.

### Boos From The Gallery

The only medium which Askey will not chance is the ice show. Invited to appear in a pantomime on ice this Christmas, he refused—because he would not be able to step out of the scene and talk directly to the audience.

With one exception, audiences have welcomed Askey's ad libbing. On the opening night of a musical comedy he stepped forward to make a curtain speech. It gave some galleryites the opportunity to boo. The incident did not stop Askey from making speeches. He gave the same one twice a night during the entire run of his last success, *The Love Match*.

In manner and appearance, fifty-four year old Askey is well equipped to gain the confidence of an audience. He is 5 ft. 3¼ in. tall, but there is nothing sad or wistful in his portrayal of the little man. Askey deals in unabashed impudence.

"I've heard you on the wireless," George Bernard Shaw once told him. "It was a lot of schoolboy rubbish."

"That's right," replied Askey. "I'm an expert on adolescent vulgarity."

### Shaw's Postcard Said No

The two met to discuss a musical comedy in which Askey wanted to impersonate Shaw. The day before the London opening, Shaw had sent a one-word postcard refusing permission. The producer appealed to Shaw and was turned down. Then Jack Hylton tried and was unable to make him change his mind.

Askey went to Shaw's flat, spent an hour discussing the art of making people laugh, and left with tacit consent for the impersonation.

On the opening night, Askey went on stage wearing a Shavian beard, a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers. The lines *were* "schoolboy rubbish":

"Are you Shaw?"

"No, I'm certain."

Using his technique of taking the customers into his confidence, Askey once performed what Ronnie Waldman, the TV entertainment chief, considers a classic in television comedy. Viewers were watching Askey in Foreign Legion uniform in the desert when suddenly he cocked his

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**Always eager to play the fool, Arthur clowns backstage to amuse his daughter Anthea. "He treats being funny very seriously," she says**

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

# A TRIP TO BERLIN

*by* ***MOLLIE M. KAYE***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

**Everything warned Miranda not to leave the house tonight. But she could not let Stella go alone**

FOR THE THIRD TIME Miranda Brand had stumbled on death! Looking into the depths of an open-air pool at the Stadium in Berlin, she saw a tangle of yellow hair, and then a face—a ghost face from the terrifying shadowy past.

Travelling to Berlin with Robert and Stella Melville and their little daughter, Lottie, she had found Brigadier Brindley stabbed to death in his train compartment. A few hours earlier he had told the strange story of Willi Ridder, a Nazi agent with whom he had once stayed.

In 1940, Ridder and his wife had disappeared with a hoard of diamonds from conquered Holland. Two bodies, believed to be those of their servants, a couple named Schumacher, had been found behind the Ridders' Berlin house, now a bombed ruin. Nothing had been heard of the Ridders since. Yet in May, 1940, a refugee child had arrived in England carrying a doll filled with Frau Ridder's own jewellery. That child had been Miranda! On her bracelet she still wore one of the trinkets—a swastika charm.

Since Brindley's murder eleven people had been under suspicion. Captain Simon Lang, the young officer handling the case, had questioned them all. Then, in the Melvilles' garden, Miranda had found a second body—that of Friedel, the German housemaid. She had been battered to death while wearing Stella's coat. Half crazy with fear, Stella swore that someone had meant to kill *her*—that it must be Mademoiselle Beljame, Lottie's governess, who had now vanished. . . .

Transfixed with shock, Miranda stared down at that horribly familiar face. Suddenly, a wind ruffled the water and the yellow hair bobbed away. . . . It wasn't hair at all: it was straw. And below it lay the grey face and dyed black locks of Mademoiselle Marie Beljame.

## FINAL INSTALMENT

### *The Woman From The Past*

MIRANDA did not know how long she stood there, looking down at the drowned face. She was a child again—and several hundreds of miles and fifteen years removed from Berlin.

Every sound of the quiet evening came clearly to her ears with a separate and mysterious meaning. The muffled shouts and laughter of the few remaining bathers from the indoor swimming bath were the cries of fleeing, terror-stricken people; the whisper of the breeze through the pine needles was a frightened man whispering orders in the shadow of wet whin bushes; the hum of a passing car was the drone of an enemy bomber, and the faint lap of water against the sea-green tiles at the far side of the wide pool was the lap of waves against a pebble beach.

Twilight was gathering. Miranda stepped back from the rim of the pool, moving carefully as a person may move on a surface of ice. She reached the top of the flagged steps and turned down the wide path towards the entrance gates. A car was coming up the road past the hockey field. She broke into a run towards it.

Simon Lang jammed on the brakes, and after one quick look at Miranda's face threw open the car door. She stumbled in and sank down beside him.

Simon did not ask any questions. He leaned across her, shut the door and turned the car into the road that ran past the Sports Centre. Presently he stopped by some trees and switched off the engine. He said abruptly: "Do you want to be sick?"

Miranda shook her head. She said jerkily: "Mademoiselle Beljame—I knew her."

She stopped, and after a moment or two Simon said quietly: "Who is she?"

HESITANTLY, Miranda started to explain: "I—I don't know. It was years ago, during the war. My parents were killed in Belgium while we were trying to reach the coast. I was caught up in the stream of refugees. There was a woman who spoke to me in French, and a man with her. They took me with them and gave me some food, and the woman pointed to my doll—I had never let go of it—and said: 'That is how we will do it.' Then we joined some other people, and at some time we got into a boat and there was a lot of shooting and it was dark and misty and the woman got left behind.

"When we got to England, the man was ill and I was left on my own. I didn't see the man again. He died soon afterwards. I'd forgotten about the woman, but I've remembered her again. It was Mademoiselle Beljame."

"Why have you remembered now?" asked Simon, quietly.

"Her hair," said Miranda in a whisper. "She had a lot of thick yellowish hair and she wore it banded across her forehead and not strained back and dyed black like Mademoiselle. And just now the straw looked like hair and her face was puffy—just as it was . . ."

Simon said: "Where is she?"

"In—in the pool outside the swimming bath."

Simon did not ask any further questions. He released her hands and restarted the car. When they drew up at the Melvilles' house he turned to look at Miranda, his face unwontedly grim.

"You are not to say a word of this to anyone—anyone at all. Do you understand?"

Miranda nodded wordlessly and stepped out into the dark road. Simon gave a little jerk of his head in the direction of the gate. "Go on, I want to see that you get safely into the house."

At the front door, she turned and raised her hand to him. But he did not move until she had

"Mademoiselle is dead," said Simon. "She was

inserted her latch key and swung open the door. Then the pale blur of his face turned away from her, the car started and he was gone.

* * *

"Pssst!" The bushes underneath the drawing-room window rustled, and Miranda looked up, startled.

"Pssst!" said Wally Wilkin, his flaming hair and excited eyes appearing briefly above the level of the sill.

"Hallo, Inspector," Miranda said. "What is it now?"

"That there governess," hissed Wally. "They found her!"

Miranda's hands tightened suddenly on the window ledge. "Who told you? How do you know?"

"'Cos I was there! In the water, she was. I

drowned." He paused, then added quietly: "Her hands were covered in green paint." Mrs. Marson breathed in sharply: her hand flew to her throat

saw 'em pull her out. Gosh, it was a sight!"

"Wally, no!"

"Honest, Miss. That 'tec was there with the police, and they fished her out—and her bike. An' listen—I know who done it! I——"

There was a subdued murmur of voices from the hall, and Wally disappeared. The drawing-room door opened and Elsa Marson came in, followed by Stella, who was carrying a sheaf of cherry blossom and white lilac.

"Do look, Randa! Aren't they lovely? Mrs. Marson has just brought them over. Would you be an angel and put them in water for me?"

A bell rang in the hall. Stella went out, and returned a few moments later with Simon Lang. Her face was flushed and excited. She said: "They have traced Mademoiselle."

There was a little crash as a small porcelain horse Mrs. Marson had been fidgeting with fell and broke on the polished floor. With an exclamation of dismay she went down on her knees to gather up the pieces.

Simon said: "Can I help?" He stooped at her side, an expression of polite concern on his face.

STELLA said urgently: "Where is she, Captain Lang? Has she only gone to another job? Or did she make a bolt for the Russian Zone?" Simon straightened up. "Mademoiselle is dead," he said laconically.

Stella said: "No! Oh, no!"

"She was drowned. She was hit over the head with something like a spanner, and either fell or was pushed into the outdoor swimming pool, somewhere around Tuesday evening or Tuesday night." Simon paused, then added: "Her hands were covered in green paint."

For a moment no one spoke. Mrs. Marson breathed in sharply and her hand flew to her throat. Then, without warning, she began to laugh hysterically. In one swift movement, Stella turned, grasped her shoulders and shook her. Mrs. Marson gasped, gulped and dissolved into tears. Stella put an arm about her and glared defiantly at Simon Lang.

"I'm going to take her home," she said. Her face was quite white and her eyes were blazing.

"A very good idea," said Simon, politely.

When Stella and Elsa Marson had left the room, Miranda said in a shaking voice: "What did that mean? About green paint. Why did it frighten her so?"

"Because there is a can of green paint in

Major Marson's garage. They have been painting their garden furniture."

Miranda said helplessly: "I don't understand!" She sat down abruptly on the window seat. "Simon, what is it all about? Was Mademoiselle really who I think she was?"

"Yes. We've checked. It's all astonishingly simple really." He came and sat beside her on the window seat. "Do you remember the story Brigadier Brindley told you?"

"About the Nazi couple who murdered their servants and got away with millions of pounds' worth of diamonds?"

"The Ridders. Yes. But it was not the Ridders who murdered their cook-housekeeper and valet. It was the cook and the valet who murdered the Ridders. They killed them the night Herr Ridder returned from Rotterdam with the diamonds. They swapped clothes—making sure there were a few small metal objects left with the bodies that would identify them as the Schumachers—and then buried them in quicklime. Once the lime had destroyed the flesh, that deformed hand of Frau Ridder's would not show. The bones were normal."

"And the diamonds?"

"No one knows what they did with those, or why they didn't put some of them in your doll. Well, there you are. Some of that is guesswork, but it all adds up."

"But Mademoiselle—Frau Schumacher? She was left behind when I crossed to England. What happened to her?"

SIMON said: "She ended up in a prison camp where she met a Swiss called Beljame. The Beljame woman either died, or was assisted to die, and Frau Schumacher eventually turned up in England with her papers. She was, of course, looking for a husband and a child and a doll stuffed with jewels. She must have struck a trail at last, for your cousin Robert says she turned up on the doorstep one day with some story about having been told that they needed a governess. When did you first meet her—as Mademoiselle?"

Miranda frowned. "About two years ago, when I went to stay with Robert and Stella. She looked quite different—thin and old and black-haired. I couldn't have recognized her. But she still ate caraway seeds, and I suppose, without knowing it, the smell of them must have reminded me of that awful time. It wasn't until I started for Berlin that I really began to feel on edge—and frightened. It was a horrid feeling and I couldn't understand it. How could I guess at such a fantastic coincidence?"

"It wasn't a coincidence," said Simon. "It was a careful piece of planning by Mademoiselle Beljame, alias Greta Schumacher. The coincidence came later—that evening, when Brigadier Brindley told his story."

Miranda shivered in the warm spring sunlight. "And Mademoiselle had to sit there and listen to it!" she said in a whisper.

"Yes. It can't have been very pleasant for her. The brigadier mentioned, didn't he, that Frau Ridder had a deformity, and added that of all things a physical defect was a thing one never forgot?"

"Yes," said Miranda. "But he was wrong. I forgot about the woman with me in Belgium having one blue and one hazel eye."

"You were only a child, and very frightened. But I think the ex-housekeeper thought that the brigadier's remark was aimed at her. She had actually seen and spoken to him in the Ridders' house. Supposing he had recognized her? I think that she must have decided then and there to take precautions agaiast his denouncing her when she reached Berlin, and his talk of sleeping powders gave her the opportunity."

Miranda said: "Then it *was* Mademoiselle who killed him!"

"I think so," said Simon slowly. "Everyone told me that she and the brigadier and Mrs. Melville took sleeping powders, but it's my guess

**Miranda was sure now: this was the Ridders' house. She clutched at Stella's arm. "Let's go back," she said urgently. "It's a trap"**

that Mademoiselle put hers in Lottie's milk to ensure that the child slept soundly."

"But—but Friedel?" said Miranda. "Why Friedel?"

"That's something else I don't know yet," admitted Simon. "I think that it's perfectly possible that Mademoiselle killed Friedel, too, in mistake for someone else."

"Stella," whispered Miranda.

"It could be. On the other hand—always supposing she did do it—she may have mistaken her for you. I think you may have had something that she—or someone—wanted." Simon reached out and touched the heavy gold bracelet that encircled Miranda's slim wrist. "The swastika. It was one of the items inside your doll, if you remember. I don't suppose she realized you had it until you drew attention to it yourself."

Miranda stared at the little metal charm with distaste. "But why should she want it?"

"I don't know. I'm not even sure she did. But I'm interested in that charm because you weren't wearing it when you arrived in Berlin, or when I spoke to you at the hostel."

MIRANDA wrinkled her brows. "I must have been! I always wear it. No. . . . You're right. I couldn't make the catch work—it's stiff—so I put it in my pocket."

"And someone noticed that you were not wearing it, and searched your room for it."

Miranda looked from the little metal charm to Simon. "But—why try and kill me when it would be so much simpler to steal it?"

"Perhaps it wasn't so easy to steal?" suggested Simon. "You've just told me that normally you always wear it."

Miranda said: "You've forgotten the coat. Friedel was wearing Stella's coat."

"Yes, I know. But you have a coat with a fur collar, too, haven't you? By moonlight the difference in colouring would be negligible."

Miranda said in a low voice: "Stella thought that someone had meant to kill her. She said that there was a reason——"

Simon looked up quickly. "What's that?"

Miranda said slowly: "She said it in a sort of whisper, as though she were talking to herself, and afterwards she said she hadn't said anything of the sort. But she had, and I heard her. She was terrified!"

Simon Lang said, "Oh," in a preoccupied voice, and was silent.

Miranda said: "But if it was Mademoiselle who killed the brigadier and Friedel, then the case is over, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid not. There were two people in this—and now Mademoiselle herself has been killed."

"I was forgetting that," said Miranda unhappily. She turned to stare out of the window and said abruptly: "Is it Elsa Marson?"

"Now why should you say that?" There was an odd note in Simon's voice.

Miranda turned to face him: "Because I saw her at the hostel the day we arrived, talking to Friedel in German. And I saw her again in that Russian cemetery place. She had gone there to meet someone, hadn't she?"

"Yes," said Simon slowly. "And for that reason we can't be quite sure that someone who had nothing to do with any of you did not kill Friedel. Not in mistake for someone else, but because of who she was."

"Who was she?"

"She was Mrs. Marson's sister."

"Her *sister*!" Miranda stared at him, open mouthed. "How long have you known that?"

"Since yesterday. Mrs. Marson told us everything. Her mother was French and her father German. They parted in 1938. The mother took the younger child with her back to France and resumed her maiden name. Elsa's elder sister and brother remained in Germany with their father. When the war broke out, Elsa and her mother got away to England. Major Marson met Elsa in England after the war and married her, thinking that she was French and an only child. She was afraid to tell him that her father was a German and a Nazi. Then the regiment was sent to Berlin and Friedel saw her—and started blackmailing her."

"Threatened to tell Harry Marson the truth, I suppose. Beastly woman!"

HE nodded. Yes. After paying over various odd amounts, Mrs. Marson borrowed money and paid Friedel a large sum. In return, Friedel promised to leave Berlin. But when the Marsons returned from leave, Friedel was still here. She rang up Mrs. Marson and asked her to meet her at the hostel. You interrupted them, and so Friedel arranged another meeting that night. She told Mrs. Marson that their brother was in East Berlin. He was getting frightened and wanted to escape to the West. He also wanted money, more money than Elsa could supply, and he thought he knew how to get it. He had something to sell that he thought the Americans or ourselves would be prepared to pay pretty heavily for. And he was right," added Simon, grimly.

"What was it?" inquired Miranda.

"That, my dear, is still a top secret. But I think you saw Mrs. Marson take it over. Friedel made a deal with her. She was to go on that bus tour, collect a package and hand it over to Friedel. When Friedel was killed, Mrs. Marson lost her nerve and made a clean breast of it. As it turned out, she and her brother had done us a signal service."

"Then he has got away?"

"Not as yet, which leads me to believe he has been liquidated."

Miranda said: "But there is something else, isn't there? The green paint. You mentioned that on purpose, didn't you? You wanted to see what she'd do."

"I must be getting very obvious in my

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# THE LIFE OF JESUS

## *PART THREE: THE LAST JOURNEY*

AT SOME MOMENT in the early autumn of A.D. 29, Jesus left Galilee for Jerusalem. His ministry in the north, which he had begun in the spring of the year before, was over. The Jewish calendar was calculated in lunar months of twenty-eight days, and every third year an extra month was intercalated to compensate for the time lapse consequent on the progress of the sun. This month, Veadar, was inserted between Adar and Nisan; that is, between our March and April. The year 29 happened to be one of these extended periods. Jesus's Galilean ministry, then, could have lasted up to five hundred days.

As early as the late spring of A.D. 28 a coalition of Pharisees, priests and scribes had formed against him. This religious attack was reinforced by the secular opposition: the Herodian party, that group which wished to replace the Roman rule by restoring the line of Herod on the throne of Judaea. Jesus, for the *Herodiani*, was dangerous because capable of stirring up the people against the authority of Herod's sons, Philip and Antipas—the tetrarchs of all Palestine which was not Judaea.

These twin threats were external. The third and not the least problem Jesus had to deal with had its roots in his own personality, and his singular teaching. His message was not political. Whether a Jewish king or a Roman procurator ruled in Jerusalem was a matter of indifference to him. He inverted the values of authority. It was not the state that was sovereign, but the human spirit. The people, charmed by his presence and his unconventional faith, deeply impressed by his supernatural power, took him to be everything which Jesus, in precept and practice, was not: a political Messiah ready to lead a revolt both against the religious tyranny of the priesthood and the secular despotism of the Roman-Herodian régime.

These three factors, interacting, made the ministry in Galilee one of increasing tension. When, finally, after the great moment of his Transfiguration at Caesarea Philippi, he turned south to force the issue and face the supreme crisis of his life, he was a hunted man.

After leaving Caesarea, Jesus and his disciples chose to take the direct route to Judaea, the road which the pilgrims, going down to the capital for the great feasts, had followed for centuries. It went through Samaria, the province between Judaea and Galilee.

As he progressed, Jesus was approached by many who wished to join him. His conditions were hard, but a number of volunteers were ready to accept them—so many, indeed, that he could choose seventy to spread his word. Jesus had by this time regained the popularity of the best days in Galilee, but the official hecklers were on the watch. One day, as Jesus was preaching, a scribe stood up with a trick question. "Master," he asked, "what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

Jesus, as usual, summed him up before replying. "What is written in the Law?" he asked. "How readest thou?"

The lawyer rattled it off. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself."

Jesus approved. "This do," he told him shortly, "and thou shalt live." The man had been waiting for this, and split a typically scribal hair. "And who is my neighbour?" he asked.

He got, for reply, the parable of the Good Samaritan: the story of the traveller lying injured by thieves on the Jericho road who was ignored successively by a Levite and a priest, only to be looked after in the end by the heretic from Samaria. "Which now of these three, thinkest thou," said Jesus in conclusion, nailing the lawyer down, "was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?" There was no escape.

"He that shewed mercy on him," said the scribe.

"Go, and do thou likewise," Jesus ordered him.

Jesus was still addressing vast crowds in the open air. But, as Judaea drew nearer, he reminded his disciples repeatedly of what he had revealed to them after the Transfiguration: the presage of his trial and death.

"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem," he said, "and the Son of man shall be delivered up unto the chief priests and the scribes; and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles: and they shall mock him, and shall scourge him, and shall spit upon him: and the third day he shall rise again."

The daunting prophecy troubled and amazed them. Three of the apostles, Peter, James and John, had seen Jesus transfigured, had seen him in the glory of a supernatural dignity—the ineffable vision of the redeeming Messiah whose coming every Jew had been brought up to expect.

Now Jesus asked them to replace that image by one of a reviled, rejected outcast, whose tragic destiny was a cruel and dishonourable death. It was asking a great deal; for the moment it was asking too much. They did not understand what Jesus meant when he declared himself the Son of Man. Nor did they realize that the kingdom of God could only be attained by endurance and suffering: an unbroken spirit, lacerated flesh. Loyal, but doubtful and anxious, they followed Jesus as he led indomitably on towards the south.

Jesus himself had now come into the open. He no longer ordered silence to those he cured. The once blind who now saw could proclaim who had given them sight. The mad, now sane, could tell who had purged their devil. Caution and caveat were things of the past. The anemone and asphodel

*The four Gospels are the only record of how Jesus lived and died. But, for the ordinary reader, the duplication of incidents, the confusing chronology, and the references to unfamiliar places and customs often obscure the full drama and achievement of Jesus's life.*

*It is with the intention of bringing out, simply and directly, this great central story—a story of superlative courage as well as deep religious significance—that* JOHN BULL *has prepared this new and detailed narrative. It is the product of deep research both in Palestine and from ancient and modern sources. Every word is based on the Gospels or other established records.*

of Galilee were left behind; the time had come for the thorn and thistle of Judaea.

One day, an apostle asked Jesus, who had been praying alone, to teach them to pray, just as the Baptist had given his followers a formula of prayer. Jesus repeated his own.

"When ye pray," he told them, "say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth. Give us day by day our daily bread. And forgive us our sins: for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil."

AUTUMN had come and, after the great heats of summer, the country awaited the first rains. The regions in which Jesus was teaching were less populous than Galilee; distances were greater; the towns were more dispersed. Yet the people found him. So, as ever, did the Pharisees.

In Galilee, in the early days, Jesus had as far as possible avoided direct collision with those whom he knew to be his enemies. Later, a bout with them became a familiar event of his ministry. The pattern had not changed.

Jesus's journey had brought him to southern Peraea, and with his arrival there the penultimate stage of the ministry had begun. He was to stay in the district another six months before his final entry into Jerusalem. The mission of teaching and healing continued, but Jesus was to interrupt it on more than one occasion to visit the Holy City. Such sorties into the hostile camp were at once provocative and obligatory; it was as if a man were stoking the fires that would consume him. The periods he chose were those of the great feasts.

The first visit he made to Jerusalem was to attend a feast whose name has not been recorded. It may have been the Feast of the Trumpets, in the middle of September, which celebrated, among other things, the giving of the Law and the inception of the Jewish New Year.

Jesus ran foul of the authorities at once: the cause was the old one of healing on the Sabbath. This time, it was the case of the man who had been ill for thirty-eight years, and whom Jesus found and healed in the Pool of Bethesda.

After this visit, Jesus returned to Peraea, where he met some members of his family. These were his brothers from Galilee; they were on their way to attend the Feast of the Tabernacles, shortly to begin. Jesus's brothers did not believe in him, and the fact that they found him avoiding Judaea reinforced their doubt. If Jesus were the Messiah, they reasoned, he should be proclaiming and proving himself in the centre of Judaism.

"Depart hence," they urged him, "and go into Judaea, that thy disciples also might see the works that thou doest. If thou do these things, shew thyself to the world." Jesus told them that their position was very different from his.

"The world cannot hate you," he said, "but me it hateth, because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil." Nor did his brothers understand that he had created, and was following, the ineluctable curve of his destiny. "Go ye up into this feast," he said. "I go not up yet to this feast; for my time is not yet full come."

NEVERTHELESS, he was to attend it. On this occasion the priests—whose attempts to silence Jesus had so far been individual and sporadic—made their first organized attack. The Feast of the Tabernacles, or Booths, started on October 15 and commemorated an important event in Jewish history: the long sojourn of the chosen people in the wilderness. Its celebration also coincided with the harvest thanksgiving; this double significance made it of importance to the Jews.

The festivities had already begun when Jesus arrived in Jerusalem. He had made the journey secretly, but the authorities were on the look-out. People were talking about him. Their opinion was divided. Some recognized him as a man who could do nothing but good; others took him to be an imposter who was exploiting the crowd. But the fear the hierarchy inspired was such that Jesus's adherents did not dare acclaim him publicly. Jesus clarified the situation in his own dramatic way.

When the celebrations were at their height, he suddenly appeared in the Temple and started teaching. This audacity astonished those who already knew him. Jesus was a wanted man, yet he was preaching openly.

"Is not this he; whom they want to kill?" they asked each other. With the suspicion endemic to any crowd, they wondered if the priests themselves did not tacitly recognize the claims Jesus made for himself. "Do the rulers know indeed that this is the very Christ?"

But the old doubt returned as to his credentials: Jesus was the rabbi whom many knew personally. "Howbeit," they said, "we know this man whence he is; but when Christ cometh, no man knoweth whence he is."

Jesus, who was teaching at the moment, cut his sermon short. "Ye both know me," he called to the crowd, "and ye know whence I am: and I am not come of myself, but he that sent me is true, whom ye know not. But I know him," he declared, putting the question beyond all doubt, "for I am from him, and he hath sent me."

This challenging claim of Messiahship deeply impressed the people; but the awe and popularity Jesus inspired was anathema to the priests.

A posse of officers, briefed by the Pharisees, was ordered to take him into custody. On the last day of the feast, while Jesus was preaching, the attempt was made. It failed, and the reason for its failure was galling. "Why have ye not brought him?" the priests asked the squad when it returned empty handed. The officers could only report that Jesus's personal power had overawed them. "Never," they told the Pharisees, "man spake like this man."

Their superiors berated them with a typically bigoted outburst. "Are ye also deceived? Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him?" Here, one of their peers spoke up for Jesus. He was a man called Nicodemus, a member of the supreme council of the Jews, the Sanhedrin. "Doth our law judge any man, before it hear him, and know what he doeth?" he demanded. The Pharisees were not concerned with justice.

"Art thou also of Galilee?" they asked him. "Search and look: for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." The intervention was courageous. Nicodemus was to speak for Jesus at another and more tragic moment. But on that occasion he was to speak too late.

After the festival was over, Jesus stayed on in Jerusalem, and the offensive was kept up. He was still too popular for the authorities to risk another demonstration of force; the policy at the moment was to trap him into making some fatally compromising statement. Inevitably, the trap was to be the Law. Chance gave them a promising pretext.

JESUS had spent the night on the Mount of Olives. The next morning, early, he returned to the Temple to teach. Suddenly some Pharisees appeared; they brought a woman with them whom they stood before Jesus. "Master," they said, "this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the Law commanded us, that such should be stoned. But what sayest thou?"

Jesus was silent. As if he had not heard them, he bent down and started tracing a design with his finger on the ground.

What the Pharisees said was, of course, correct; but the trap was loaded with a double spring. If Jesus's verdict was that the woman should live, he flouted Mosaic law. If, on the other hand, he pronounced her fit to be stoned, he broke the Roman, which prohibited Jews to pass sentence of death.

The Pharisees asked him again. Jesus, absorbed, refused to acknowledge their presence. Finally, as they hammered at him, he straightened up and looked at them.

"He that is without sin among you," he said, "let him first cast a stone at her." Then, bending once more, he went on with his tracing.

One by one, beginning with the senior among them, the Pharisees filed away. When Jesus raised his head the Temple courts were empty. Only the woman was near him, standing where they had left her. "Woman," he asked, "where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?"

"No man, Lord," she answered.

"Neither do I condemn thee," Jesus said. "Go, and sin no more."

The opposition to Jesus was being organized at the highest level—by the Sanhedrin. In its capacity as the supreme political and religious council of Jewry, the Sanhedrin could dispose of force: the Temple guards and police. Jesus, consequently, whenever he was in the city, was by this time running the risk of a physical clash. The authorities had failed to arrest him once, but some of them were now prepared to take the law into their own hands. During this stay in Jerusalem, again on a charge of blasphemy, a group of Pharisees even attempted to stone him. Jesus was untouched, but the incident showed to what extent his enemies were ready to go.

SUCH violence was repeated when Jesus, against the advice of his disciples, went to Jerusalem again, this time for the Feast of the Dedication, sometimes called the Feast of Lights. The festival was in honour of the rededication of the Temple by the Jewish hero Judas Maccabaeus after its profanation by the Greek invader, Antiochus Epiphanes, in 164 B.C. It began on December 25 and lasted for a week.

This visit was the last Jesus paid to the city before his triumphal entry three months later. As before, he passed scathless through the storm. Then, with winter at its height, he returned to Peraea to wind up his ministry. His time was running out.

Jesus was again among those classes which had always given him the readiest hearing and the greatest loyalty: the outcasts and the social pariahs, the poor and the publicans—all whom the Pharisees dismissed as "sinners."

The pattern of his ministry was the same. He talked and answered questions; preached and

As Jesus fode towards Jerusalem, the people

listened. He healed as often as before—in the synagogues, on the Sabbath, where and when the sick came or were brought to him. Once it was the mass healing of ten lepers; then a single act of mercy for an old, deformed woman.

He had not abandoned the parable; the stories came out readily, inspired by an incident, a question, something seen or heard. The parables of the fig tree and the lost sheep; the prodigal son and the unjust steward; the great supper; Lazarus and Dives.

While he was in Peraea he had news from Bethany, a village two miles from Jerusalem, on the Jericho road. Jesus knew the place well, having stayed there on more than one occasion during his tour of Judaea. The house he had stayed in there belonged to a family of three: a man called Lazarus and his two sisters, Martha and Mary. It was from these two women that Jesus now received a message. Lazarus, of whom Jesus was very fond, was ill.

Two days later, Jesus decided to go to Bethany. The decision was risky in view of what had happened a few weeks before. The disciples told him so. "Master," they expostulated, "the Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again?"

"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth," Jesus informed

strewed the road with their clothes, and with olive and palm branches. "Hosanna!" they cried. "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

them, "but I go, that I may awake him out of his sleep." Then he came out with the truth: Lazarus was dead.

Before his determination to go, one of the apostles, Thomas, cried: "Let us go also, that we may die with him." So they started; it was almost the most critical journey Jesus ever made.

When Martha heard that Jesus was on the way, she left her house in Bethany and came to meet him. "Lord," she told him, "if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

Jesus comforted her. "Thy brother shall rise again."

Martha replied that she knew he would rise again in the resurrection of the last day. But: "I am the resurrection and the life," Jesus declared, "he that believeth in me shall never die. Believeth thou this?"

"Yea, Lord," Martha answered, "I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, that should come into the world." At this she left Jesus and returned to the house to call her sister. Martha and Mary hurried back to where Jesus was waiting; with them were several friends and mourners from Jerusalem who had come down to be with the family. Mary, when she saw Jesus, knelt to him, repeating Martha's words that if only Jesus had been with them their brother would still be alive. Jesus, seeing her tears and the grief of the dead man's friends, wept himself under the strain.

"Where have ye laid him?" he asked, finally.

They reached the tomb. It was a cave, its mouth sealed with a rock. "Take ye away the stone," Jesus ordered. But Martha interposed, reminding Jesus that her brother had been dead four days, and that decomposition must have set in.

"Said I not unto thee," Jesus told her, "that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

The stone was rolled away. Jesus raised his head. "Father," he prayed, "I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." Then he called loudly: "Lazarus, come forth."

Lazarus came out of the tomb; the grave clothes were still on him, the chin strap still in place.

"Loose him," Jesus told them, "and let him go."

The consequences of this crowning miracle were immediate and momentous. Some of those who witnessed it—priests and scribes from Jerusalem—were converted to Jesus there and then. For others, the raising of Lazarus, which could only lift Jesus to the pinnacle of his popularity, was the decisive argument for his destruction. They returned to the city and reported to the Pharisees. These, before the tremendous nature of the act, at once convened a meeting of the Sanhedrin council.

The council had already ordered the arrest of Jesus, and some at least of its members had argued with him in the Temple and elsewhere. But this was the first time the council had met as a body to discuss the danger he represented, and to devise some means of neutralizing it.

The discussion opened on a note of panic. "What do we?" the members asked each other, "for this man doeth many miracles." Their concern for Jesus and his works was political. The interests of the Jewish nation depended on the existence of the priesthood; and the existence—easy, affluent and sure—of the priesthood depended on a settled and uncomplaining people. "If we let him thus alone," the reasoning went on, "all men will believe on him; and the Romans will come and take away both our place and nation."

The solution came from the president, the Saducean High Priest Caiaphas. "Ye know nothing at all," he told them harshly, "nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not."

It was the sentence of death.

Jesus knew it, but meant to bring matters to a head in his own time. The neighbourhood of the

city was dangerous; he took to the country once again. The place he chose was Ephraim, a town in the limestone scarps of Northern Judaea, fifteen miles from Jerusalem, to the north-east. It was from here, in the month of March, A.D. 30, that he started his final progress towards Jerusalem.

Its prelude was a short and last evangelizing tour, one of the most successful he had ever made. The people were drawn to him again; it was country he knew—the Lower Jordan Valley. In Jericho—the white city of palms, not far from the Dead Sea, which Mark Antony, sixty years before, had given to Cleopatra—a woman called out to him from the crowd, "Blessed be the womb that bore thee, and the breast which thou has sucked." That was the note.

In Jericho, too, he healed and converted. It was there he cured Bartimaeus, blind, but shouting to Jesus that he must stop and deal with him.

It was there that Zacchaeus, a chief collector of taxes but too short to see Jesus over the shoulders of the crowd, climbed up the sycamore tree and was rewarded by his staying in his house. It was there that the children were brought to be blessed. It was Galilee over again.

MEANWHILE, Jerusalem was preparing for the Feast of the Passover and Unleavened Bread. This was one of the most important feasts in the Jewish canon, celebrating as it did the sparing of the first-born and the deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian captivity. It lasted for a week and the city, days before it began, was overflowing with pilgrims. Those pilgrims from Palestine who had heard of Jesus were speculating whether or not he would attend the festival. The situation was fairly well known; the more so because the chief priests had ordered that anyone recognizing Jesus should denounce him to the authorities.

"What think ye?" the new arrivals were asking, "that he will not come up to the feast?"

He was not to keep them in doubt for long.

On Sunday the 9th of the month of Nisan, which is our 2nd of April, Jesus, having left Jericho, was near the villages of Bethphage and Bethany, on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives. As he approached he sent on two of his disciples to a village which they could see ahead. He had given them special instructions. They would find, he told them, an ass's colt tethered near a certain house. They were to untie it, and lead it to him. If challenged, they were simply to say that the Lord needed it.

Things turned out as Jesus had said. When they brought the colt to him the disciples threw their clothing across its back. Jesus mounted and, surrounded by pilgrims, started on the two miles which separated him from the city.

He rode in the midst of a considerable crowd. The news of the raising of Lazarus had been dinned about. People pressing out of Jerusalem, or straggling from the pilgrims' bivouac camps, joined up with those who had followed Jesus from Jericho, or had come out from the villages through which he passed. As he advanced, they strewed the road with their clothes, and with olive and palm branches cut from the trees in the fields round about.

THE road from Bethany, after traversing the flanks of a few false summits, runs out sharply across a small plateau. And there, above, is the city. Jerusalem—promised and then profaned, re-taken, purified and profaned again—had always been a place of high sadness for the Jews. As it came into sight, stony, white and gold, the people acclaimed Jesus with shouts.

"Hosanna!" they shouted. "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed be the kingdom of our father David that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

But if the people were there, so were the Pharisees. Some of them, with their morbid fear of Jesus's popularity, insisted that he restrain the enthusiasm. "Master," they asked him, "rebuke thy disciples." Jesus refused.

"If these should hold their peace," he told them, "the very stones will cry out."

The triumphal procession, swollen as it went by more and more pilgrims, ended in the Temple. Not everyone in Jerusalem knew what was happening, although the event's contagious excitement had spread through the streets. "Who is this?" many were asking the crowds accompanying Jesus.

"This is Jesus," they were told, "the prophet of Nazareth in Galilee."

Twilight, in the early spring, comes at about half past five in Palestine, and it was evening when Jesus reached the Temple. He looked round him in the Court of the Gentiles, assessing the situation. Then, with the Twelve, he left Jerusalem and returned to Bethany for the night.

On this first Palm Sunday, he had four more days to live.

The approaching Passover had not brought only pilgrims to the city. As with any other popular gathering, authority had taken its precautions, and authority was represented. Apart from the High Priest Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin, whose seat in any event was in Jerusalem, Roman power was reinforced to keep the Roman peace. Pontius Pilate, the procurator, had come down from his seaside city of Caesarea to be there.

Although he had no jurisdiction in Judaea, Herod Antipas, the tetrarch of Galilee, was a Jew; and he, too, was there. The twin forces, clerical and secular, which had been harrying Jesus for the last two years were now allied. For the Romans, as yet, Jesus's case was a police problem, a question of keeping order with which the military garrison of about 35,000 troops—including the 5th, 10th and 15th legions—was quite adequate to deal.

It was not the same for the chief priests. The events of the day had shown them that if they did not act at once the situation might be too much for them. To arrest the people's hero in the febrile, exalted conditions of the feast would almost certainly meet with hostile demonstration. To wait until the feast was over might mean no arrest at all: either Jesus would not be there, or his increased mass appeal would make his taking impossible. Already, for some Pharisees, the chance was lost. "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing?" they bickered with each other, "behold, the world has gone after him."

It was to this atmosphere of tension and triumph that Jesus returned the next day: Monday, April 3.

He reached the Temple and opened hostilities at once. Jesus cleared the Court of the Gentiles of its commercial riff-raff: the merchants and the money-changers, the sellers of doves and sheep. He had done the same thing two years before; now he justified himself in almost the same words.

"Is it not written," he said indignantly, "my house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? But ye have made it a den of thieves."

It was an act of great courage and significance. Courage, because Jesus was in the priests' headquarters; significance, because it could only be taken as a direct challenge to their authority, both spiritual and executive. It was also a dramatic condemnation of priestly hypocrisy, for the Sanhedrin farmed the right of Temple trade. The prestige of Jesus, consequent on the raising of Lazarus, had already decided his death. This brazen affirmation of revolt marked the sentence urgent.

The Sanhedrin, afraid to apprehend Jesus there and then, sent a deputation of scribes and elders to interrogate him. "By what authority doest thou these things," they demanded, "or who gave thee this authority?"

The question, as usual, was a trap. A direct answer could only be blasphemous from their point of view. Jesus countered by asking a question himself; if they would answer it, he said, he would satisfy them. "The baptism of John, was it of heaven, or of men?"

The priests thought it out. If they answered, "From heaven," Jesus could demand why they had

The other apostles thought that Judas, the treasurer, was being sent out by Jesus to bu

y something. Judas knew otherwise. He left the upper room and hurried into the night

not listened to the prophet. If they said "Of men," they risked the anger of the people, to whom John was an inspired seer. They took the wisest course.

"We cannot tell," they told Jesus.

"Neither do I," he replied, ending the matter, "tell you by what authority I do these things."

Jesus was now being shadowed wherever he went. Every word he said was noted; every gesture scrutinized. Direct questioning had proved a failure. It was decided to switch to subtlety: the *agent provocateur* came on the scene.

JESUS meanwhile went on teaching. He used the parable again. Some of these stories were packed with trenchant criticism of his enemies—those of the marriage feast and the vinyard, and the long story of the wicked husbandmen. At the end of this parable Jesus dropped the allegory and told the priests plainly what he meant.

"The kingdom of God shall be taken from you," he prophesied, "and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." And once more, but for the people round him, he would have been arrested. Jesus was leaving the city every night, sleeping either at Bethany or in bivouac on the Mount of Olives. It was the Tuesday, Nisan the 11th, which the priests chose for their most concentrated offensive.

The first assault was by a mixed force. The chief priests had now decided that the easiest way to compromise Jesus was to force him into a political statement derogatory to the Roman government. Armed with evidence of this, they reasoned, a case of sedition could be made out. If such a case were made out, they could submit Jesus directly to the judgment of the procurator, whose justice was the only one competent to sentence him to death. The Herodians and the Pharisees were chosen for this provocation. These widely differing parties had already collaborated against Jesus in the Galilean days. Circumstances defeated their efforts then; circumstances were very different now.

They began with a compliment, smooth enough to put any man on his guard.

"Master," they said, "we know that thou art true, and carest for no man: for thou regardest not the person of men, but teachest the way of God in truth." Then the gloves came off. "Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not?"

The object of the question was clear. The payment of tax meant recognition of the authority that levied it. To deny such fealty was sedition. But if the question was clear, it needed very careful answering. Jesus's answer was at once honest and extremely subtle, with something of a peasant's genial cunning. "Why tempt ye me?" he asked them. "Bring me a penny, that I may see it."

Only small copper change was minted in Palestine. What Jesus wanted was a silver denarius, a Roman coin which bore the effigy of the Emperor. Somebody produced one. "Whose is this image and superscription?" he demanded.

"Caesar's," they could only answer.

"Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," Jesus told them dryly, "and to God the things that are God's."

Quick-witted themselves, the Pharisees were astonished by such dexterity. The Sadducees now came on the scene. They were aristocrats—the High Priest was of their party—and they were in theory opposed to the religious formalism of the Pharisees. They differed from them, notably, on the important doctrine of the resurrection, which the Sadducees denied.

Their question to Jesus was not so much designed to compromise him as to make him the laughing stock of the crowd, and thus undermine his popularity. It concerned the hypothetical case of a woman who successively married seven brothers; each brother died without issue by her. Whose wife, they asked Jesus, would she be at the resurrection?

Jesus's answer to this was that they could neither interpret the scriptures nor conceive the power of God. Their idea that things after death would or could be as in life was ignorant and crass. "For when they shall rise from the dead," he pronounced, "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven."

The scribes and Pharisees kept up the heckling, but Jesus, without quibbling or sophistry, refuted them all. Their insistence had done their cause more harm than good. Jesus, parrying brilliantly and hitting back with effect, delighted the crowd. Each attack was followed by a parable, or some cogently argued and simple exposition of his ideas. The clerics went back step by step.

WHEN it was all over, Jesus, addressing the common people, allowed himself an outburst of terrible sweep and surge. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel! Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? Wherefore, behold, I send unto you prophets and wise men and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify; and some of them ye shall scourge in the synagogues, and persecute them from city to city."

Then, as this long day of ruse and animosity ended, he turned to the terraced city spread out beneath him, and released his bitterness in a diapason of lament.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, ye shall not see me henceforth till ye shall say: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

It was a prophecy—and a farewell.

The period of public teaching was now over. It began on the Sunday of his entry; this was the following Tuesday. Much was to happen on both sides during the next two days, but neither camp was to clash openly with the other.

When he left the Temple that night—it was for the last time—Jesus took his disciples up to the Mount of Olives. The view they could have seen from this wide hill of broken levels was to be, for some, more daunting in forty-eight hours' time.

Jerusalem, straddled across its two cols, is by situation a dark and crouching city. At the periods of the great feasts, incandescent with a million candles and ringed with the bivouac fires of the pilgrim camps, it took on life and light. Seen from a distance, it is like some gigantic brazier emptied on the spare Judaean hills.

ON the Mount, Jesus, in a long prophetic discourse, told the apostles of the disasters that would befall the world, and of how he and they would be involved in them. When he concluded it, he suddenly came down from apocalypse to reality.

"Ye know," he said, "that after two days it is the feast of the Passover, and the son of man is betrayed to be crucified?" Jesus was talking of something that was to happen. Others, elsewhere, were talking of what they hoped would happen.

On either that day or Wednesday the 12th, there was a conference in the palace of the High Priest, Caiaphas. The feast for which the pilgrims were now crowding Jerusalem had not started. Its first day was Nisan the 15th. It follows, then, that whether Caiaphas called his conference on the 11th or the 12th, he and his associates had very little time in which to act. For they had decided that Jesus must be arrested, tried, and executed before the Passover began. Such a decision was not new. What was new was the decision that he must be arrested secretly.

Jesus's conduct and bearing during the last three days had won him many new adherents. It was clear that a dangerously growing number of pilgrims regarded him as the Messiah, or at least as the prophet-champion of the people.

Clear, also, in his clashes with the religious

authorities, where the sympathy of the people lay. The fact that he was still at large in spite of the Sanhedrin's order—given more than three days before—that he should be denounced was ample evidence of his popularity. The chief priests had no idea of how Jesus would behave in the course of the feast, but the temper of the crowds made a spontaneous demonstration in his favour very probable, whether Jesus wished it or not.

To separate him from his followers, then, was essential. To take him openly would set off the very flare-up they feared. The arrest, they decided, must be made darkly. In the nature of things, the problem was difficult. It was while they were debating it that help came from a totally unexpected quarter: a disciple of Jesus presented himself.

Judas Iscariot was the single Judaean among the Twelve, and only one thing is known about him: he carried the common purse. Jesus had begun to suspect his loyalty as long ago as six months before, at the time of the Feast of the Tabernacles. Now his prescience was confirmed.

"What will ye give me," Judas asked the chief priests, "and I will deliver him unto you?" They offered him thirty shekels of silver.

The amount was significant. Thirty pieces of silver was the fine, according to the Law, which had to be paid as blood money by any Jew who wounded a slave. Judas accepted this wretched sum, and the details of the plot were arranged.

WHAT did the traitor give away, and why was Judas willing to sell his master? It is almost impossible to believe that it was simply for gain. The motive may have been personal rancour, or jealousy.

Or was Judas suddenly demoralized by the realization that Jesus was not the fighting Messiah of the popular imagination, the political chief who would throw out the foreign overlords? Was he suddenly convinced that Jesus was a failure, a fanatical visionary to whom further loyalty was not only dangerous, but inadmissible? None of the disciples believed in a suffering Messiah, or could conceive that redemption would come through an ignoble death. Was it just that, for Judas, the hope had withered, and that he sold the man he had loved in the overwhelming bitterness of disillusion?

What did he tell the priests? He may or may not have informed them that Jesus had privately revealed to the apostles that he was, in fact, the Messiah. What he certainly told them was that Jesus was going to be in a certain place at a certain time, and that he, Judas, would provide the details later.

Jesus spent the Wednesday in Bethany. The next day, Nisan the 13th, was until midnight our Thursday, April 6. But for the Jews it became Nisan the 14th after the sun had set. It was on Nisan the 14th—the Passover—that the paschal meal was eaten. The paschal lambs, which were to be eaten at the Passover, were killed in the Temple. After sunset, the meals could only be eaten in Jerusalem. Jesus, in consequence, had to leave Bethany to celebrate the Passover in the city.

On Thursday morning he told Peter and John to make arrangements for the meal, which was to be eaten in the upper room of a certain house.

The food eaten at the Passover included the paschal lamb; the bitter herbs—endive, lettuce, coriander and thistle leaves; loaves of unleavened bread; fruit, nuts and wine. Like thousands of pilgrims all over the city, Peter and John got such a meal ready.

IN the evening Jesus and the apostles sat down in the upper room. Jesus, as the meal began, told them that this was to be the last he would eat with them. "With desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer: for I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God."

Then he took a cup of wine, the first cup with which the Passover meal began, and told his disciples to drink from it. After they had drunk, he took some of the unleavened bread, blessed it, broke it, and handed a piece to each of them.

"Take; eat," he said, "for this is my body."

Next, he took a cup of wine again and blessed it in the same way. "Drink ye all of it," he told them, "for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

At some moment of the meal Jesus was suddenly troubled, and revealed what he alone knew.

"Verily I say unto you, one of you which eateth with me shall betray me."

The apostles, at these strange words, looked in bewilderment at one another. The first to speak was Peter. Beckoning to the disciple who reclined next to Jesus, he asked him to find out which of them was meant. The disciple leaned over to Jesus.

"Lord, who is it?" he whispered.

Jesus told him that it was the man to whom he would offer a sop of bread; then he took a sop, dipped it in the dish and offered it to Judas.

"That thou doest," he said in the act, "do quickly."

The others thought that Judas, the treasurer, was being sent out to buy something, or on some other errand. Judas knew otherwise. He left the room and hurried into the night.

"Answerest thou nothing?" Caiaphas, the High Priest, asked Jesus. "What is it which these witness against thee?" Jesus made no reply

When he was gone, Jesus gave the apostles a parting charge. "Little children," he said with affection, "yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me: and as I said unto the Jews: Whither I go, ye cannot come; so now I say unto you." He continued: "A new commandment I give unto you: That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

Simon Peter failed to understand. "Lord," he said, "whither goest thou? Why cannot I follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thy sake."

"Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, the cock shall not crow till thou hast denied me thrice."

He told them not to be distressed, but to play the man. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

Thomas, as puzzled as Peter, wanted enlightenment. "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?"

It was clear that, although the tragedy had begun, not one of the apostles understood Jesus's purpose, or his plight. Perhaps never, even at Gethsemane, even on the cross, was Jesus to be more alone than at this moment.

He made a last, hopeless effort to enlighten them.

"I am the way," he declared desperately, "the truth; and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Then he gave the sign to leave. "Arise, let us go hence."

His men followed him doubtfully down the stairs and into the darkness. The last supper was over.

The place to which Jesus meant to go was a garden of some size. It was on the Mount of Olives, on the far side of the Kidron valley, facing the city and about half an hour's walk from it. Its owner was friendly to Jesus and had lent the place as a sort of retreat in which he could rest, teach his disciples, and make his plans. It was called Gethsemane, or the Oilpress, and Judas Iscariot, like all the apostles, knew it well.

The moon was full as the twelve men, dwarfed by the city's gigantic walls, plunged down the steep ravine to the valley. They crossed the Kidron torrent and the Jericho road, then took the slope that went up to the garden. Jesus led the way with the disciples following him. Two of them were armed.

Once in the garden, Jesus stopped. Taking Peter, James and John, and telling the others to wait, he walked on. Here the strain of what was behind and the knowledge of what was to come fused in a crisis that was near breakdown. He asked the three to sit near him, and to stay awake. "Tarry ye here and watch," then he went apart a short distance to fight it out alone. He knelt and prayed. "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

He looked back at his companions, but there was no help there: they were sleeping.

"Simon, sleepest thou?" he called. "Couldst thou not watch one hour? Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Jesus turned from them to the heroic solitude of his own. He prayed once more, repeating the same words. The effort forced the sweat to his face; it fell in great drops to the ground. His men were still asleep when he appealed to them again. Jesus made a final supplication, and with this prayer all his strength flowed back.

"Sleep on now," he said, "and take your rest; it is enough, the hour is come."

While he spoke, looking down the hill, he saw the torches of the squad that was coming up to take him. His next words were a command.

"Rise up," he called, "let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand." Then, the disciples ranged behind him, he advanced to face his enemies.

The crowd Jesus had seen in the moonlight was an armed band of elements of the Temple guard, reinforced by envoys of the Pharisees and members of the Sanhedrin. There were also an officer and a detachment of Roman soldiers. Judas Iscariot was the guide.

As they advanced Jesus stepped out. "Whom seek ye?" he demanded.

"Jesus of Nazareth," came the answer.

"I am he."

They moved forward to arrest him, and the disciples reacted. Peter, one of the two that were armed, drew his sword and struck out. The blow sheared off the right ear of a man called Malchus, a servant of the High Priest. Jesus rounded on Peter; there was to be no resistance. Instead, there was irony. "Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me?" he asked them. "I sat daily with you teaching in the Temple and ye laid no hold on me."

But they were at grips with him now. As, bound and escorted, he was led away, his men lost their nerve and scattered. Only Peter and John, lurking behind, followed the group up to the city.

It was past midnight.

Whatever was done with Jesus had now to be done quickly. Friday had just begun; Nisan the 14th had begun six hours before. After sunset the next day would be the first day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread—before which, the Sanhedrin had decided, Jesus must die. The tribunal to which Jesus was being hurried had, in consequence, less than twenty-four hours in which to arraign, try, sentence and kill him.

Had the right to do all these things been invested in the Sanhedrin alone, the thing would have been simple. It was not so invested. The Jews were free to try cases according to their law, but the Romans reserved executive power. To pass sentence of death was the prerogative of their administration. That meant that Jesus had to appear before the procurator, Pontius Pilate.

PILATE may or may not have known of the arrest—although it is likely that the priests had at least the authority of a warrant. For the time being Jesus had to do only with the Jews. His escort took him to the house of the High Priest.

Caiaphas was ready for him; he had assembled the Sanhedrin, or a majority of its seventy-one members. In principle, it was illegal to arrest and try a person during a feast, or hold a trial by night. But this case was exceptional and time was pressing. In any event, the first appearance of Jesus before the Sanhedrin in the early hours of Friday was not a trial, but a preliminary investigation.

Whatever this court of inquiry was, or pretended to be, it had to call evidence. If a charge was to be brought at least two witnesses had to agree. The first charge which Caiaphas, who presided, tried to bring home to the prisoner was a double one: that of sacrilege and sorcery. He ran into difficulties at once.

There were witnesses, who might have been honest, but no two came up to say the same thing. Finally, two were found whose statements roughly tallied. Their testimony went back a long way, to the beginning of Jesus's ministry. The evidence referred to the remark he had made to the priests about two years before, when he had cleared the Temple courts for the first time.

"This fellow said: I am able to destroy the Temple of God and build it in three days," the witnesses testified.

It was not much, but it was something. To destroy the Temple was sacrilege, to claim power to build it in three days was sorcery. For both these offences the penalty was death.

Caiaphas took charge. "Answerest thou nothing?" he asked Jesus. "What is it which these witness against thee?" Jesus made no reply.

In face of the prisoner's silence and the shaky evidence against him, the High Priest changed his tactics. The charge of sacrilege was abandoned and replaced by that of blasphemy. This was the crime for which the priests wanted evidence which would convict Jesus. Quite illegally, and in defiance of the Jewish law which laid down that a charge had to be established by witnesses, and that no man could be condemned on his own confession, Caiaphas again began questioning the accused. He asked Jesus about his doctrine and his disciples. But Jesus knew the law, and reminded the supreme head of the Jewish state of its ordinances.

"Why askest thou me?" he retorted. "Ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them."

At this effrontery an official of the court struck

Jesus in the face. "Answerest thou the High Priest so?"

But Jesus stood firm, invoking the law again. "If I have spoken evil," he told them, "bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?"

Every man present must have known that Jesus was demanding the simplest legal rights. But every man present knew, also, what Jesus himself was fully aware of: that his execution had already been decided and that no procedure, legal or otherwise, could avail against that decision.

Caiaphas, therefore, now abandoned all semblance of legality. There was no charge before the court; no witnesses had yet testified that Jesus had blasphemed, but the High Priest did not hesitate to put the prisoner on oath. He used the most solemn formula a Jew could pronounce.

"I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tellest us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God."

Before this awful adjuration Jesus, as Caiaphas knew he would, spoke out. "I am; and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of Heaven."

It was enough for Caiaphas, though not for the Law. Every Jew was a "son of God," and any Jew of the house of David could claim to be the Messiah without thereby uttering blasphemy. Legally, Caiaphas should then have called on Jesus to give substance to his claim. Only if that claim were false could a charge of blasphemy stand up. But Jesus's great confession was all the priests needed and desired.

Dramatically tearing his robe—the required action on hearing blasphemy pronounced—the High Priest turned to the Sanhedrin.

"What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard his blasphemy: what think ye?"

The verdict was unanimous. "He is guilty of death."

And the grim buffoonery began. Some present spat in Jesus's face; others hit him; still others bound his eyes and challenged him to say who struck the blow. "Prophesy unto us, thou Christ: Who is it that smote thee?"

MEANWHILE, in the courtyard below, others were talking of Jesus. It was cold; the guard had made a fire of coals round which they and the palace staff were warming themselves. Peter and John were with them. John, being known to the people in the house, had had his companion admitted.

One of the servants, a girl, looked at Peter as he sat by the fire, and recognized him. "And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth," she said.

Peter told her that he neither knew the man nor understood what she was talking about. But the girl persisted, appealing to the others. Peter denied it again. A little later the group took it up once more: Peter's northern brogue had clinched the matter.

"Surely thou art one of them," they said, "for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto." At this Peter, unnerved and angry, swore vehemently that he had never heard of Jesus. Then a cock crew, and the words Peter had heard some hours before came into his mind. Leaving the courtyard, he went outside and burst into bitter tears.

With the confession of Jesus, Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin had to consider their next step. They had satisfied themselves that they could arraign Jesus on a charge of blasphemy, but the pagan Romans would not accept this charge. They would order the Jews to try the case under their own laws—and the Jews had no power to inflict the death penalty. Only one tribunal could do that—the Roman. It was essential, in consequence, to charge Jesus before Pilate with some further crime which the Procurator was not only obliged to investigate, but for which the penalty was death.

But Roman justice would demand more than a charge trumped up and brought with suspicious haste by an interested party. It demanded form and witnesses; above all, it demanded an indictment. And it was to get one.

AS soon as possible, while it was still very early, the Sanhedrin met again. The Feast would begin when the sun set in about twelve hours' time; there was still much to be done. This second meeting of the Sanhedrin was for a consultation, and it was almost certainly at this time that the charges were hurriedly drawn up. Was it then, too, that the chief priests decided against notifying Pontius Pilate of the proceedings that had just taken place, the illegality of which would be immediately obvious to him? And it must have been during these dawn discussions that the plan of action to be taken before the Roman tribunal was roughed out. The Procurator would not be impressed by a charge of blasphemy. That would be a question for the Jews alone. But if Jesus could be accused of high treason? Then, indeed, Pilate would have to act.

Yet nothing was to be left to chance. It was conceivable that the Roman might quash the charge for lack of evidence. In that case, the chief priests decided, they would accuse the Procurator of betraying the Emperor, of not being Caesar's friend. And that charge, they hoped and believed, would be the first nail that pinned Jesus to the cross. In the event, the chief priests were to be right.

In the Garden of Gethsemane, Jesus went apart. He knelt and prayed. "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt"

The consultation over, and the plan decided on, Jesus was led, bound and under guard, to the Praetorium, where Pontius Pilate awaited him.

Very little is known of the man who, on that cold morning, was to take one of history's most momentous decisions. As Procurator, Pontius Pilate was probably of the Roman Equestrian order, junior to the Governor of Syria, but the direct representative of the Emperor in Judaea. He was married, and was fairly young. At the time of Jesus's trial he had held his post for three years, and was to hold it for another seven. His contemporaries describe him as a cruel, obstinate man who despised the Jews and had never attempted to understand them or their customs. When he was finally relieved of his office it was for the too brutal suppression of a nationalist revolt in Samaria. But if he was cruel, he was also astute. Astute enough to see through the machinations of the chief priests, and to recognize the innocence of Jesus. The tragedy of Pilate is that he was not man enough to stand by his perceptions.

The Praetorium was the name given to whatever place the Procurator happened to be in at the moment. At this time it may have been in Herod the Great's palace; or in Antonia's Tower, the massive fort overlooking the Temple, in which the permanent military garrison was stationed.

The proceedings began just after daybreak and were held in the open air. As the trial progressed, the crowd grew greater and greater.

The Procurator opened the trial with the formal question put to the prosecution.

"What accusations bring ye against this man?"

The indictment followed. It had three charges.

"We found this fellow," the chief priests accused, "perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, saying himself that he is Christ a King." The claim to be king of the Jews in the religious sense did not interest Pilate. To claim the title in the political sense did; it was the Roman crime of *laesae majestatis*—high treason. Pilate concentrated on it at once. "Art thou the king of the Jews?" he asked the prisoner.

"Sayest thou this thing of thyself," Jesus asked, "or did others tell it thee of me?"

"Am I a Jew?" Pilate answered impatiently. "Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me: what hast thou done?"

The Procurator's "Am I a Jew?" convinced Jesus that Pilate wished to know in what sense he, Jesus, had offended his own people, the Jews; and that political kingship was no longer in question. He therefore made his plea of defence.

"My kingdom is not of this world," he told the Roman, "if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews."

Pilate pressed him. "Art thou a king then?"

"Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

This affirmation may have sounded strange to the Procurator, but whatever this mystical claim to kingship might mean, Pilate was satisfied that there was nothing political in it. There was here no treason against Caesar. He turned from Jesus to the chief priests and the fast collecting crowd.

"I find no fault in this man," he announced. It was virtually a verdict of "Not Guilty." The magistrate had given his judgment, and the trial was over.

It was not over for the chief priests. The charge of treason was failing, and it seemed that Jesus was to escape them after all. Something had to be done, and done at once. "He stirreth up the people," they shouted, "teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place."

Pilate asked if the prisoner was a Galilean. On being told that he was, the Procurator ordered him to be taken to Herod Antipas, accompanied by his accusers.

Antipas had no jurisdiction in Judaea and could

legally take no part in the trial. But Jesus was his subject, and Pilate might have wanted to know what information the tetrarch had of him.

Herod Antipas had been wanting to see Jesus for some time. He was glad to interview a man who had been represented as a dangerous agitator, and about whose activities in Galilee and Peraea he had been receiving reports for the last two years. He was curious, too, about this prophet's miraculous powers, of which he was anxious to see an example. He was to be disappointed.

In spite of the tetrarch's repeated questions and the accusations of the chief priests, the prisoner refused to perform a miracle or compromise himself politically. Jesus said nothing at all. Antipas brought the interview to an end. But before sending Jesus back to the Procurator, he had his soldiers mock him: they dressed him in a gorgeous robe—the man who said he was a king.

WITH Jesus back at the Praetorium, the next stage of the trial began. Pilate tried to get it over at once. He assembled the chief priests and addressed them. He had examined the prisoner in their presence, he said, and could find nothing to substantiate the charges. Nor, Pilate added, could anyone else.

"No, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him, and lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him."

Pilate then announced his decision. "I will therefore chastise him and release him."

It was the custom, on the occasion of a feast, to amnesty a prisoner. The choice of the man to be pardoned was left to the crowd. This release of a prisoner was what the Procurator was suggesting he did with Jesus. But the prosecution had been at work. The priests and the scribes had mingled with the crowds, telling them to demonstrate for the release of another and more notorious felon: a mob leader and murderer—Barabbas.

The answer came in unison: "Not this man, but Barabbas!"

Pilate repeated the question. "Will ye that I release unto you the king of the Jews?"

The chief priests urged the people again.

"Away with this man and release unto us Barabbas."

"What will ye then that I shall do unto him whom ye call the King of the Jews?" Pilate demanded.

"Crucify him!"

The Roman made a last attempt. "Why, what evil hath he done?"

The next cry was ominous. "If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Caesar."

Hearing that, Pilate threw his hand in. His post and reputation were not worth the life of a Jewish fanatic. Besides, the temper of the people had changed alarmingly, and riot was in the air.

Pontius Pilate called for water, and went through a Jewish ritual which everyone present could understand. "I am innocent of the blood of this just person," he called, as he washed his hands before the crowd. "See ye to it."

The rabid, terrible reply came back. "His blood be on us," the people shouted, "and on our children."

There only remained the final act. Pilate sat down in the judgment seat which was set in an emplacement known to the Jews as Gabbatha, the Pavement. There he sentenced Jesus to be crucified.

Crucifixion automatically involved scourging. After Jesus had been sentenced, then, he was taken away and scourged. Scourging was in itself a very severe punishment. Jewish law limited the strokes to thirty-nine; the Romans had no such restriction. The beating, with lead-tipped thongs, could be so terrible that men died under it, and were thus spared the torture of the cross.

AFTER the scourging, the soldiers took Jesus into the inner hall of the Praetorium and, calling their comrades, subjected him to a mock and sadistic coronation.

They dressed him in a purple robe, plaited a crown of thorns and forced it over his head. Then they beat him with sticks, spat on him and, bowing in mock homage, saluted him with "Hail, King of the Jews." When they tired of this they put him in his own clothes and took him out to be crucified.

Crucifixion, which was quite foreign to the Jews and was not in their penal code, was the most terrible punishment known to the ancient world. The Romans, who used it extensively, had learned it from the Carthaginians. But even the Romans confined it to slaves and, in wartime, to revolutionaries and deserters. The indignity of its suffering made the cross a shameful death, and those who died on it had not, usually, the right to burial.

The refinement of its cruelty lay in the fact that death could be long delayed; men were known to have survived its agonies for days. Death on the cross was not due to hunger or shock; or fever or loss of blood; or to blood poisoning, though the effects of all these were felt. It was due to asphyxia and muscular spasm. Fully conscious, hanging by nails driven through the wrists, the victim endured a long suffocation accompanied by acute and increasing cramp of every muscle, which forced the gasping body outwards in an arc. To this were added exposure to sun and cold; raging fever, moral distress, the ache of torn hands and wounded feet, thirst. The agony was so appalling that even the executioners were sometimes moved to kill the victim by breaking his legs, a sword thrust, or by the smoke of a fire lit beneath the cross.

To suffer such torture was as much as the human body could endure; to face it willingly, as Jesus did, is more than the human mind can conceive.

The place of execution was a bare, conical hill known in Hebrew as Golgotha, the Place of the Skull. It was outside the city, though not far outside. The trial of Jesus ended at about noon and he was to die at three o'clock; the death and its sequence took place in a twilight atmosphere. The sun was eclipsed as the trial was concluded, and darkness thickened progressively.

A man sentenced to be crucified, if strong enough after the scourging, was forced to carry his own cross—sometimes only the cross beam; on other occasions, depending on its form, the weight of the whole structure.

Followed by a great crowd of men and women, including some of the chief priests and the scribes, Jesus, who could not have slept for thirty hours, was taken out to execution. His escort impressed one of the crowd, an African called Simon, from Cyrene, to carry the cross; with Jesus were two thieves condemned to the same punishment.

When the place was reached, Jesus, in accordance with a Jewish custom which allowed those about to die to take a numbing drug, was offered wine mixed with myrrh. He tasted and refused it. The soldiers detailed for the execution stripped off his clothes, and Jesus was laid on and nailed to the prostrate cross. Then it was erected, flanked by the crosses of those who were to die with him.

When it was aloft, the soldiers divided his clothes, throwing dice for the seamless garment Jesus had worn.

Above his head, as laid down by Roman law, the reason for his condemnation was inscribed in three languages: THE KING OF THE JEWS.

The chief priests and scribes, echoed by the crowd, began to mock him. "Thou that destroyest the Temple and buildest it in three days, save thyself!"

"He saved others, himself he cannot save."

"He trusted in God, let him deliver him now."

The mockery went on, desperate this time, and not from below. Hanging near him, one of the thieves railed at Jesus. "If thou be Christ," he called, "save thyself and us."

The other silenced him, then spoke to Jesus in turn: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

"Verily, I say unto thee," Jesus replied, "today shalt thou be with me in paradise."

He spoke again: "I thirst."

Later he cried loudly: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

At three o'clock, as the sun was darkened, he pronounced: "It is finished."

He cried something else, as loudly as before. Then, with darkness welling over the city, he died.

The power in the last cry amazed the centurion guarding the cross. "Truly," he said, "this man was the Son of God."

THERE were now hardly three hours to sunset, when Nisan the 15th, and with it the first day of the Feast, would begin. And not only the first day of the Feast, but the Sabbath. For both reasons it was essential that Jesus's body be removed from the cross, unless the Feast and the Sabbath were to be defiled.

The chief priests, therefore, petitioned Pilate that the three men, whom they believed to be living, should be killed and taken down. Pilate gave the order. His soldiers broke the legs of one, then of the other thief. When they came to Jesus they found such action unnecessary: he was dead.

The whole course of events, from the arrest of Jesus to his execution, had been pursued under the feverish threat of time. His burial was no exception.

It was taken in hand by one of his secret disciples, Joseph of Arimathea, a rich man and one of those members of the Sanhedrin who had not connived at the arrest and trial. Joseph, in his capacity as a member of the city council, had gone to Pilate and asked for the custody of Jesus's body, which would otherwise have been cast into the common pit. Pilate, astonished that anyone could die so quickly on the cross, ordered the confirmation of the centurion who had been in charge. When the news was confirmed, the request was granted.

Joseph owned a tomb, excavated in a garden not far from Golgotha. It was newly made, and had never been used. Helped by Nicodemus, the same man who had spoken up for Jesus before the Pharisees at the Feast of the Tabernacles, and himself a member of the Sanhedrin, Joseph removed the body of Jesus and laid it in a linen cloth. Nicodemus, meanwhile, brought a hundred pounds weight of powdered myrrh and aloes; these were sprinkled round and over the body.

Thus, Jesus was laid in the tomb. A stone was rolled against the entrance.

His body had been neither anointed nor embalmed. On the Sunday morning after the Sabbath, two women who had followed Jesus since the Galilean days came to the garden for that purpose. They were amazed to see that the stone had been removed. They entered the tomb; it was empty.

JESUS rose on the third day after his death. "The Son of Man"—as he had so often predicted to his disciples—"must suffer many things, and be rejected of the Elders, and of the chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again."

After his resurrection, Jesus appeared to many people at many places, but most often to his eleven disciples.

One such appearance was in Galilee. Seven of the apostles, Peter, James and John, Thomas, Nathaniel and two others, had been fishing through the night on the lake of Gennesaret. They had caught nothing and, towards morning, put back to the shore. As they approached it, someone standing on the beach hailed them, asking news of the catch. They replied that they had taken nothing. The man told them to cast to starboard; they did, and the net was filled. As the boat came in, John was struck by something familiar in the figure standing on the shingle. He turned to Peter: "It is the Lord."

At this Peter threw some clothing on—he had been naked—and plunged into the water, wading through the shallows to the beach. The rest of them followed in the dinghy, dragging the heavy net astern.

Jesus was standing by a fire of coals, on which a very human meal of bread and fish was cooking. The men in the dinghy could see him quite distinctly now. The half light of dawn had faded, and the sun's full rays were shooting across the lake.

"It is the Lord!" cried John as he recognized the figure on the shingle. Peter plunged from the boat and waded through the shallows to the beach

*"The Life of Jesus" was written by W. E. Armstrong, and the illustrations were painted by K. J. Petts*

While customers hunt for bargains, Loader collects a stallholder's toll. When he refused a pitch to three pedlars they threatened him with a razor

# Sam Loader means business on market day

*by JOHN MAY*

**Customers flock in from twenty miles away, and he's there to see fair play. He patrols the stalls to watch for tricksters—like the pedlar who glued flowers on the plants**

ONE SATURDAY MORNING in June, 1952, the market supervisor, Samuel Loader, was checking absentees among stallholders in the weekly street market at St. Albans, Hertfordshire, when three men with suitcases stopped him and demanded a pitch. Loader recognized them as a trio with a bad reputation. "I told them I didn't want them on the market that day or any other."

The three began to bluster. Loader—a slim, bespectacled council official in his forties—stood his ground. Nearby stallholders stopped laying out their goods to watch. Then one of the three grabbed Loader by the lapels.

"The suitcase boys were threatening to persuade me—with a razor," says Loader. Four of the watching traders moved in quickly and hustled them off the market.

Samuel Augustus Loader collects tolls from 140 traders occupying 160 stalls. Wearing a money satchel and ticket machine over his lounge suit, he looks like a business man masquerading as a bus conductor. During the past two years, Loader and the market superintendent, Eric Preston, have cleaned up and extended St. Albans market, boosting the tolls income from £5,000 to more than £8,000 a year. Preston says: "We aim to make this one of the best of the 540 retail markets in Britain."

Successful markets are always besieged with applications for space. At St. Albans, where the job of putting up stalls begins each Friday night, there is a waiting list of six hundred. The pitches of temporarily absent traders are allocated on the morning of the market to casual salesmen who attend on chance. "They try all sorts of tricks to get in," says Loader.

A few weeks ago a lorry stopped short in the middle of the street. The driver and another man sought out Loader and told a hard-luck story. Right out of petrol and cash, they could only get home if he let them have a day's trading.

Loader looked inside the lorry, realized that they were mock auctioneers, and refused. The

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

# LURE OF THE BLUE FIN

*by* ***HENRY C. JAMES***

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

**Hundreds, thousands of beautiful fish. . . . Ted prayed the old man's dream would come true. If not, it was goodbye to his job—and to Margaret, too**

TED ROBERTS, the Australian with the shock of fair, curly hair and the magnificent body, smiled at the red-haired girl sitting opposite him at the café table. "Don't worry, honey," he said. "We've still got a chance. We can still do another trip."

Margaret McKenzie's eyes were troubled. She said: "I don't know, Ted—I'm beginning to lose hope. I'm so worried about Dad. If he fails he'll have lost everything, and it will break his heart."

Ted reached across the table and took her hand. "Wait till it happens," he said. He hoped he sounded more confident than he felt.

Ted had been in Paradise four months now, and if it hadn't been for old Tom McKenzie's red-haired daughter he would have moved on long ago.

When he had first joined up with McKenzie and the little cannery, he had thought that it was going to be exciting and very profitable. But he'd soon begun to wonder if the old man was crazy, with his stories of Barren Bay where, in the season, there were schools of tuna fish so huge that merely the overflow filled the bay; stories of blue fin hitting the Barren River coast every year in schools of enormous size and weight.

A crazy fisherman's tale? The other Paradise fishermen certainly thought so. They didn't reckon there were any more tuna at Barren River than there were around Paradise itself, where you could pick up a blue fin or two in the season, but not in sufficient numbers for them to be a commercial proposition. Not that they'd ever been to see. Barren River was two hundred miles away, on a desolate, treacherous stretch of the coast. Old Mac could risk his life and his boat there if he liked. They wanted none of it.

There was no doubt that the tuna had become an obsession with McKenzie. He'd gambled everything he had on them. His small cannery at Paradise was kept going on the spasmodic catches of barracuda and white fish that the local boats brought in, but all along his ambition had been to catch and can tuna. And now he'd sunk every penny he had, and more, in fitting out a boat—the old Rimo—as a tuna clipper.

He had been forced to borrow money even from Sam Speed. Wizened, dry old Sam Speed had been the only man around who would lend him it for such a crazy proposition. And Speed, as Ted knew well, was not interested in tuna. He was interested in the cannery—the only independent cannery on the coast. If McKenzie could not repay the loan, Speed would be down like a vulture—to foreclose. The cannery would not be independent for long.

The cannery, indeed—as anyone but an old madman like McKenzie could see—was strategically very important for Sam Speed. Once he had his hands on it, it would can only what the big fish people in Sydney wanted canned, and that didn't include tuna. They made a lot of money bringing in tuna already canned from America and even from Japan. The market wanted no upsets.

And it looked now as though Sam Speed was going to get what he wanted, because the tuna season was getting along, and so far McKenzie hadn't hit his fabulous shoals. The Rimo brought in a few fish, as the Paradise folk had admitted she might, but she hadn't made a real catch yet.

In fact, Speed was sitting even prettier than he knew, because by now McKenzie had scraped the very bottom of the barrel to keep the Rimo going. He'd reached the point where he could pay the fuel bill for the trip ahead, but that was all. Stubbornly convinced that he could win even yet, he had approached an independent Sydney buyer who had agreed to advance him enough money to go on fishing for a while if he brought in a real catch this trip, but that was the very last shot in his locker. If they didn't hit the run this time it would be the end of the tuna season for the old man. It would be the end of everything.

MARGARET was on the jetty when they sailed in the morning. She could hardly bear to watch as her father forced a confident smile for her. Behind him, Ted waved wryly. "We'll be flaming millionaires yet, honey," he said. "You'll have a job to pick us out from the pile of blue fin we'll bring back."

"I'll pick the one that needs a shave most," she said. "I guess it'll be you."

She stood and waved and tried to control the feeling of desolation until they were a speck on the sea.

The Rimo steamed steadily along the coast, far past the limits of the local fishing grounds, her crew hoping that when they arrived they would find their luck had changed at last. But off Barren River two days later there was still no sign of the blue fin.

On the afternoon of the third day, old McKenzie was standing by the big live-bait tanks watching the trailing bait lines. He wondered what hoodoo was following him now. It was the first year in ten to his knowledge that there were no blue fin. It was the first year in ten that he'd had to admit the truth, the cynical truth of the fisherman's saying: *The only law to fishing is: where they are, there they are.*

HE was a tall, gaunt man with deep-set eyes, stubborn in his belief that he'd win yet. He'd studied the movements of the fish so thoroughly and for so long that he didn't see how he could be wrong.

He glanced at his watch. It was nearly half past four, and he had been watching the lines since first dawn. He had to give it up for a while. He waited for a momentary steadiness in the top-heavy Rimo to cross the narrow catwalk to the forward superstructure, and climbed down the companionway to the galley to make himself a cup of tea.

He allowed himself to relax for a moment, foolishly, because it made him realize how tired he was, how much the strain of the last four months had told on him. For the first time he admitted that it might not work; that he might soon be destitute. Perhaps he'd been foolish. He could have kept the cannery going indefinitely on the old lines. But he'd wanted more than that, both for himself and for Paradise.

He shrugged his tired shoulders. It looked as if he had lost, and as if Paradise had lost. Well, he'd gambled and lost before, and probably would again—except that he was getting old. He hadn't realized it until now.

The water for his tea was just on the boil when he heard the ring of the bell at the stern. He only half believed it until he heard it again, and heard Black Johnny, the Fijian boy, call out: "We've found the blue fin! We've found the blue fin!" And Ted Roberts's voice in full exultation: "Come and get 'em!"

McKenzie tumbled out on deck in time to see the Fijian throw a twisting, jumping kingfish on the boards. Only a kingfish. But Black Johnny was already pulling in the other bait line, and

on the end of it there was a forty-pound tuna. He was yelling, half crazy with excitement. Then, ringing the bell again, he climbed out on the iron rack bolted to the stern of the Rimo. He looked over his shoulder at McKenzie, and yelled: "Bring 'em alongside, Boss!"

McKenzie woke to his own responsibilities. He clambered to the bait tanks, dipped the small net among the thousands of small fish swimming in agitated circles and threw netfuls first to port and then to starboard. The drive of the big fish to reach the food brought them half out of the water, mouths open voraciously, their eyes hungry and vicious. McKenzie threw more bait. The water was alive with tuna.

The engines were stopped. Ted, the two other Australian hands and the engineer joined the Fijian on the racks, dipping the hooks with their brightly coloured feather lures just below the surface of the sea. The tuna showed no discrimination between the real and the artificial bait. Anything moving in the water was enough, and within a few minutes there were thirty, forty, fifty tuna, ranging in weight from twenty to sixty pounds, thrashing and twisting angrily on deck.

McKenzie threw more bait. He was yelling hoarsely and jigging up and down like a madman, tears streaming down his face.

The wind was in the south-east and freshening. It was the quarter from which the sudden, cyclonic storms came, and they were in treacherous, shallow water, on a lee shore. But McKenzie and the men on the racks were oblivious to the weather. The men were furiously busy dipping their barbless hooks, heaving upwards and backwards with all their strength as the tuna swallowed the feather lures, so that the big fish came into the boat at the end of an arc which took them many times as high as McKenzie before they fell on the deck.

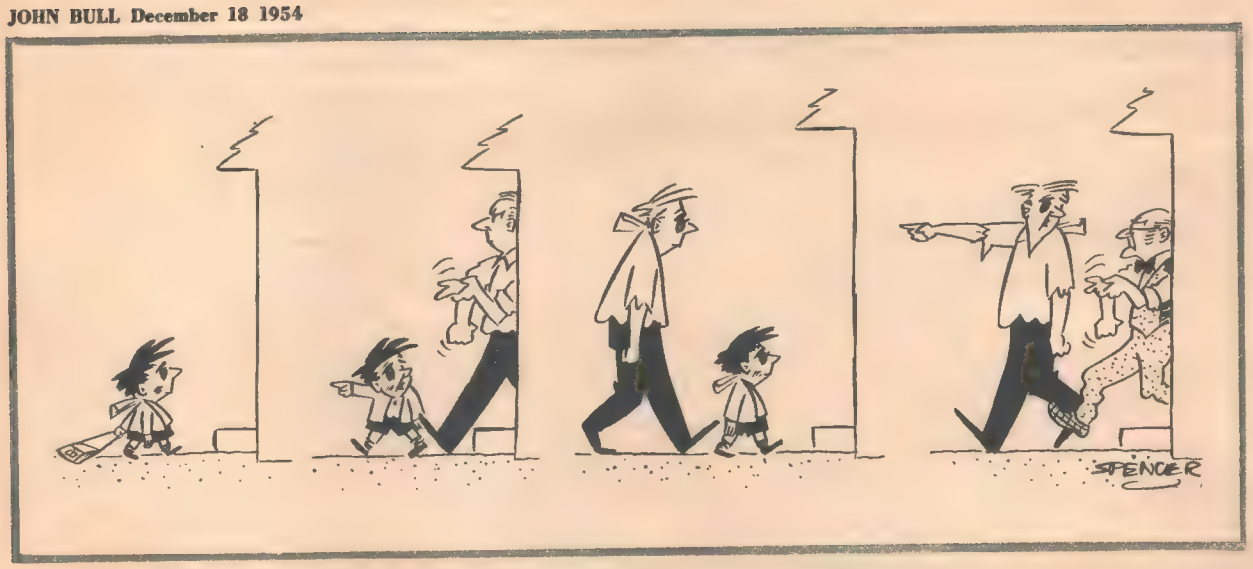
A LITTLE deliriously, McKenzie watched the fish coming inboard. He could see his cannery of the future—modern, in the most beautiful surroundings imaginable, with a team of men and girls as good as any man could want—and the tuna running for him every year. What more could there be in life for any man?

What was it the newspaperman who had come down to see the Rimo had called him? "A bronzed, weatherbeaten old fisherman with a fixed idea." Well, so he was, and the idea had finally paid off, even though the newspaperman, and the photographers, had got tired of waiting to see it. They'd come again, running, now. . . .

Gleefully he threw out more bait, and it was half a minute before he understood—and fully realized—that the tuna were not being pulled on board any more. The men were dipping their hooks without result. The big fish had disappeared as suddenly as they had come.

McKenzie looked at the fish on the deck. Three tons, perhaps. Not nearly enough. Anxiety replaced triumph. He looked around him. The freshening wind had whipped up the

**A feeling of desolation gripped her. She stood there alone, waving, till Ted—and then the boat itself—had disappeared**




shallow sea into steep, breaking waves, and the Rimo had drifted back with the tuna until she was dangerously close to the shore. He could see the white smother and hear the deep boom of the surf along the white, sandy beaches that stretched into the far distance on either side of Barren River.

He looked at the sky to the south-east and knew it was time to get out and away from the land, to get a safe offing in deep water. And he knew, too, that his whole future, his entire fortune, was wrapped up in this trip. The thought of going back and facing Speed with only three tons in the hold was something he couldn't face. Storm or no storm, he'd got to find the tuna again.

AFTER a few more minutes the men on the racks gave it away and climbed back into the boat among the fish they'd thrown there. Black Johnny baited the lines again and threw them out. The engineer went below to start up. McKenzie made his way along the catwalk to the wheel-house. When the engines throbbed, he turned the wheel to starboard. The Rimo began cruising in a wide circle.

Ted threw the last of the blue fin through the hatch into the hold and, bracing himself against the motion of the boat, rolled himself a cigarette. He was under no illusions as to what had happened so far, any more than the old man was. He had seen McKenzie's face as he went across the catwalk. It was grey and haggard—and no wonder. To have been right among the fish and then to lose them like that, to have to face failure on the very brink of success, was more than any man should be asked to bear.

The tantalizing, infuriating thing was that they had found the fish. The run had started. They had proved that they were there. And if McKenzie hadn't been broke, that would have been enough. They could have given the weather best and beat it for home, confident that they would find the blue fin again next trip. But as it was there couldn't be a next trip. It was now or never.

Ted liked McKenzie, liked working for him, and he hated to see him defeated after all the years he'd put in chasing his dream. But what meant even more to him was Margaret. He'd known that if the gamble came off, he would have his own generous stake in it, which meant he would be able to go to Margaret and ask her to marry him. Otherwise . . . well, he would certainly never go to her and ask her to share his poverty—not a man with so much stubborn pride as Ted Roberts.

Absently, he threw away his half-smoked cigarette and began to roll another, glancing at the white-topped rollers driving shorewards. They were getting bigger and more unruly. Low on the seaward horizon there were black, angry clouds. He reckoned that it wouldn't be long before the old man would have to get away out of it, whether he liked it or not.

He went up the companionway to the wheelhouse and stood beside McKenzie, looking out through the big, square glass front. Fijian Johnny was there already. His face never showed any expression except a grin; it was a pretty uneasy grin just now.

The old man said: "Who's watching the bait lines?"

"Arthur's down there," Ted said.

McKenzie nodded, and said nothing further. They cruised on for a while without result. The wind was still rising, the motion of the boat was growing every minute more violent, and the shallow, inshore waters they were sailing were seething with foam. It was asking for trouble to hang around there, and at last Ted saw McKenzie's grip on the wheel tighten, saw him glance out of the port window, and knew the old man was trying to persuade himself he'd got to get out into blue water while there was still time.

"Give it another half-hour, Mac," he said. "It's not that bad yet, and we could strike them any minute."

Old McKenzie turned his head and gave Ted a quick, grateful look. It was all he needed, just that little bit of encouragement to keep going.

But after half an hour and more there was still no sign of the blue fin. They'd cruised over the whole area of the bay, and if the fish had been there they must have found them.

McKenzie's face was grim now, his eyes even more haggard. He was an even older man than Ted had realized. The tuna and the cannery had been his last shot.

When McKenzie said gruffly, "We're heading out," and put the wheel hard over, Ted didn't say anything. There wasn't anything left to say.

It was Fijian Johnny who saw them first, the small cloud of big-winged black seabirds flying in circles low over the water, rising up in unison over the waves and sinking down in the same formation into the troughs, their wings seeming hardly to move. And Johnny watched them for a long time before he said anything. He wanted to be sure first. Dead sure.

They went out of his sight to the east, and came back again from the north-west, still flying in the same formation, still low over the water, circling—always circling. . . .

Johnny was sure then. He pointed and said quietly, but with much excitement deep down: "The blue fin are there again, Boss. The birds are on to them."

McKenzie gave a start. Following Johnny's pointing finger, he found the birds. Then he looked at the weather. His hands were trembling on the wheel.

"Give it a go, Mac," Ted said hoarsely. Excitement had suddenly taken him by the throat.

MCKENZIE spun the wheel. The Rimo altered course towards the birds. Five minutes later she was among the tuna again, rolling and bucketing wildly with her engines stopped. The men were out on the racks fishing furiously, with the waves dashing against them, sometimes burying them in water up to their necks. And the blue fin were coming faster than ever.

McKenzie threw out more and more bait, and had to hang on to keep his balance as the Rimo plunged and rolled. One part of his mind told him he must call a halt to it, that he was jeopardizing men's lives by leaving them out on the racks in such weather with no power on the boat. But another part told him he was catching tuna again, and that he was going to go on catching tuna until the boat was full. The blue fin were coming as fast as the men could dip the hooks in the water, and it was beyond his mental powers to call a halt.

Black Johnny's rod suddenly broke half way along its length, and even above the roar of the sea McKenzie heard the Fijian's excited scream: "They're two-pole fish! They're two-pole fish!" And Johnny went clambering back into the well of the deck, slipping and sliding on the fish they had thrown there. He grabbed one of the double rods that had a line from each joining together a few feet from the tips, so that one line from the two rods dipped into the water. Ted dashed forward to join him, and soon they were throwing two and three hundred pounders into the boat.

THESE were the fish they had all dreamed about, and there were plenty of them. They kept coming until the deck couldn't hold any more and the water was sweeping them overboard as fast as they were caught. The Rimo could take no more.

McKenzie finally gave it up then. He clambered down from the bait tanks and rang the bell and, as the engineer looked round in surprise, yelled at him: "Get her moving again!" Reluctantly, the engineer stopped fishing and fought his way through fish and water back to the bowels of the Rimo and his engines, and McKenzie yelled at the others: "Give it away! Give it away!"

It wasn't before time. The real storm hit them almost as soon as the engines had begun turning over and McKenzie had taken hold of the wheel. In a frighteningly short space of time the wind had become a full gale, blowing dead on shore, and the whole bay was a wild waste of confused and breaking water.

McKenzie brought the Rimo round until she was heading out to sea, and then rang down for full speed. He didn't know whether she could stand it, but it was the only thing he could do. She was rolling and staggering drunkenly: the big bait tanks up topside and the new superstructure made her top heavy and dangerous in the vicious cross-seas that were running inshore. She'd got to get out.

Ted and the others on deck had no time to worry about danger. They were working like beavers, up to their waists in raging water, striving to get the tuna down into the hold before they were washed overboard. They managed it at last, and then all of them except the cook climbed up to the wheelhouse where McKenzie was standing with his feet set well apart, guiding and gentling her into it.

She was making hardly any headway, but merely keeping her on course was a triumph of skill. Ted watched admiringly. This was something McKenzie knew how to do superlatively well. It was something he'd known how to do all his life.

After an hour, two hours, they had made scarcely any headway. The bearing of the headland had hardly changed and the land was still in sight astern. Ted's eyes were tired from the strain of watching the sea. So were McKenzie's, and Black Johnny's, though the Fijian had been watching something else as well as the water. The seabirds were still there, still flying in the same formation, still circling low over the water. He would lose them at times, perhaps for as long as half an hour, but they always came back.

Johnny said suddenly: "There's millions of blue fin, Boss. More than I ever see in one school in my whole life, anywhere. All the water we been sailing over is full of 'em. There'll be plenty more next trip."

McKenzie said quietly: "Aye, Johnny. And many more trips after that. Please God."

Very slowly they were moving into

# Bracegirdle's Christmas

*"I'm a policeman," he said. "Not Santa Claus"*

**—and yet his exploits that night were more like those of Santa than a junior member of the county police force. In next week's special Christmas story, Thurman Warriner's unconventional policeman recalls a heartwarming episode from his early days as a raw young village constable**

ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS

the heart of the storm. The waves the Rimo was meeting were still shallow-water waves, broken, formless hills of water crested with seething foam. She climbed them slowly, so slowly that the biggest broke over her, and then for some moments she was completely submerged. But always—so far—she had risen again, haltingly, shuddering from the effort. As each sea swept past she hung for an instant agonizingly poised, and then went lurching sickeningly down the other side, her screw racing so violently as it left the bite of the water that the whole boat shivered as if she were falling to pieces.

Ted's stomach started to go queasy. He breathed deeply, trying to keep the same rhythm in his breath as the rhythm of the Rimo's climbing and falling away. He wondered how long she could stand it, and he knew McKenzie and Black Johnny were wondering the same thing. He had only to look at their faces to see it.

He thought of Margaret, but after a while he put her deliberately out of his mind. It wasn't wise to think of the sweetnesses, the softness of life when you were fighting for life itself. That would come afterwards—if there was any afterwards.

Then, at last, the rain came, and rain was what McKenzie had been praying for. It came with such fury and in such torrents that it beat down and flattened the surface of the sea. The Rimo steadied as the waves subsided and, with her hill climbing behind her, began to forge ahead.

By the time darkness fell she had left the land behind, and the gale was dying. There was a huge swell running, but it was long and regular. She rode it with gallant confidence. She was out in deep water, where she could live without fear.

They came into Paradise two days later, as dusk was gathering. Across the bay, to guide them home, the lights of the cannery were shining. They had managed to get through on the radio that afternoon, and had given their glad news. As they steamed triumphantly in, they saw that the wharf was crowded. The whole population of Paradise was there. And the cheer that went up as they came alongside brought a smile to McKenzie's face that made him look ten years younger.

ON the very edge of the wharf stood Margaret. Ted searched for her as they came in, and once he spotted her he never took his eyes off her. He climbed up on to the side of the bait tanks, and when there was still a yard or more of water between the Rimo and the wharf he leaped exultantly ashore. "No time for a shave," he said. "Will I do?"

Margaret looked up at him as he took her in his arms. The grin on his face was arrogant—and to her completely satisfying. There were tears in her eyes, and she held him close. "Darling, you did it!" she said again and again. "You did it!"

"We did it all right," Ted said into her hair.

A gangway was run out. Sam Speed was the first down it. Ted caught sight of him out of the corner of his eye, and he straightened up and took Margaret's arm. "Come on," he said. "This is something I must see."

They went down the gangway on to the Rimo's deck. The hatch covers had been taken off. Sam was standing with McKenzie looking down into the hold, and his lips were thin together.

"Congratulations, Mac," he said curtly.

"Just a first instalment," McKenzie said. "There's a million more of 'em waiting for me."

Speed stared bleakly at the catch. There was no doubting its size or its quality. He gave a sharp nod, turned and walked away.

Ted and old McKenzie and old McKenzie's red-haired daughter didn't even know he'd gone. They stood looking down into the hold. The topmost tuna shone softly in the lights on the wharf.

"Just the first instalment," old McKenzie said again to the mountain of fish. The three of them stood there long after the crowd had gone. THE END

## A TRIP TO BERLIN

*Continued from page 20*

old age," said Simon, regretfully.

"Then I *was* right?"

"Almost. The mention of green paint in connection with Mademoiselle obviously suggested to Mrs. Marson that the governess and her killer had been lurking round her house. But I wasn't interested in Mrs. Marson's reactions—I was interested in Mrs. Melville's."

Miranda stood up abruptly. "What are you hinting at?" she demanded breathlessly.

Simon looked up at her. He said: "That wasn't a hint. It was a statement of fact. The green paint meant something to Mrs. Melville all right. It gave her a clue to something that had puzzled her, and it frightened her badly, although she hid it very well."

Miranda said angrily: "Do you mean to say you're accusing Stella of being mixed up in this?"

Simon reached up, and catching her wrist pulled her down again on to the window seat. He said: "I'm not accusing your Stella of anything. I am merely pointing out that she knows something about that green paint on Mademoiselle's hands. To possess vital knowledge of a murder is a very dangerous thing."

Miranda looked at him, white-faced. "You mean—anyone who knew something might be murdered, too?"

"Yes. I mean precisely that."

Miranda clutched at his sleeve. "Wally!" she said breathlessly.

Simon frowned. "The Wilkin brat? What about him?"

"He was here this morning. He said he knew who had killed Mademoiselle! Supposing he was hiding there on Tuesday night? Supposing. . . ."

Simon stood up swiftly and his quiet voice had an unexpectedly harsh ring in it: "Did he give you a name?"

"No," said Miranda, her own voice unsteady. "You don't think he can really know, do you?"

"We can always find out," said Simon briefly.

He stood looking down at her for a moment with an odd mixture of doubt and resolution on his face, and said something under his breath that Miranda could not quite catch. She thought it might have been, "I shall have to risk it." Then he had turned quickly away and she was alone.

Stella returned, looking white and exhausted, soon after Simon left.

"Was Elsa very tiresome?" Miranda asked.

"Awful! She appears to have got a bee in her bonnet about Soviet spies. She thinks Mademoiselle may have been one. She also thinks the Russians mean to kill her in revenge for something or other. It's because of the green paint. Captain Lang said something about green paint, and Mrs. Marson seems to think that this proves that Mademoiselle had been snooping around their house."

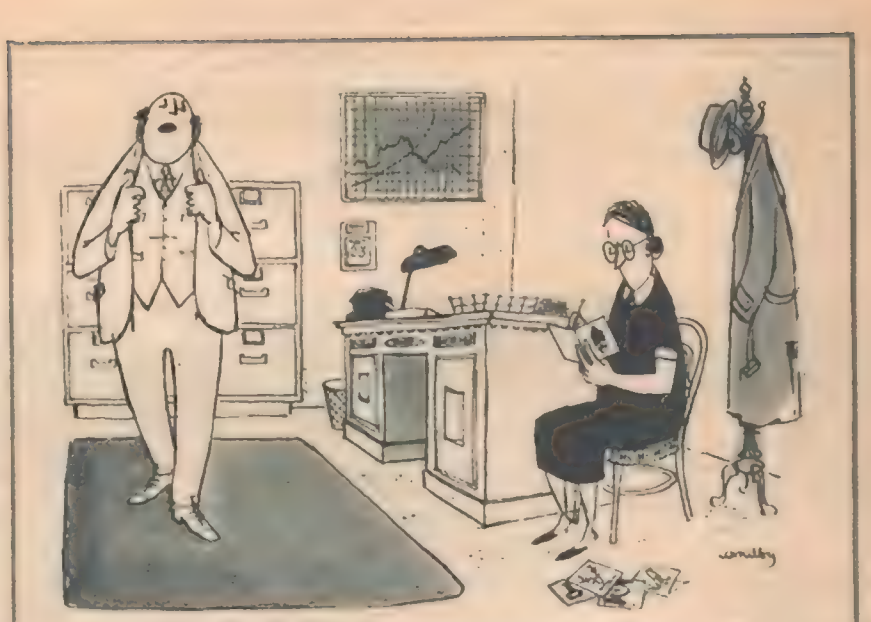
THE words were said casually enough, but Miranda was suddenly aware that Stella was watching her intently. So Stella did know something about that green paint—and she wanted to know if Miranda also knew!

A sudden thought took root in Miranda's mind and grew swiftly into a certainty. Robert! Stella adored Robert. She would quite literally die for him if necessary. She would certainly lie for him and scheme and fight for him and protect him. . . . And for some obscure reason Stella was afraid for Robert. Far more afraid than she was for herself.

Turpentine, thought Miranda. Robert had spilt some turpentine—when was it?—on Tuesday evening, of course! Had the mention of green paint made Stella think that he had perhaps used turpentine to clean stains from his clothes?

A sound of voices and laughter from the hall interrupted her thoughts, and a moment later the door opened to admit Robert, and Sally and Andy Page.

"Hallo, darling," said Robert. "Andy and Sally very kindly offered



"To Aunt Maud comma wishing you a Merry . . ."

me a lift home, so I've brought them in for a drink."

Robert was still busy at the sideboard when Harry Marson came in a few moments later.

"Hallo," said Harry. "I seem to have gatecrashed a party." He looked at Stella. "Elsa sent me over to ask if you could lend her something to read. I've bunged her off to bed. She was feeling a bit mouldy. Oh—thanks, Robert."

"Of course I will," said Stella.

"Good of you." Marson raised the tankard Robert had put into his hand and said, "Well—here's to crime!" He drank deeply and the others raised their glasses awkwardly.

FOR a few moments there was a silence. It was Andy Page who broke it. "Look out, Sally, you're spilling sherry all over the chair," he called out suddenly.

Sally righted her glass, and stood up hurriedly: "Oh dear! I am sorry, Mrs. Melville. How messy of me." She produced a small wisp of tissue from her handbag and scrubbed anxiously at the stain.

Ten minutes later, the party broke up and Miranda was left alone in the drawing-room. She sat down suddenly on the sofa, her brain whirling. She remembered the face tissue that had been found in Mademoiselle's room after her disappearance, and she remembered something that had happened in this room a few minutes before, and a fantastic, impossible theory had began to take shape in her mind.

I must tell Simon, she thought. I must let Simon know. Seized with a sudden panic, she jumped up and ran quickly across the drawing-room and into the hall, and dialled the number he had given her.

A strange voice answered her. No, Captain Lang was not in. Who was speaking? Miss Brand? Would Miss Brand care to leave a message for the captain?"

Miranda could hear Robert's voice from the path outside the drawing-room windows. She said hurriedly: "Yes. Tell him I want to speak to him. It's terribly important."

But it was half past three before a bell cut shrilly through the silence of the afternoon.

Miranda was half way to the door before Stella could rise. "I'll answer it," she said quickly.

But it was not Simon Lang.

"It wasn't the telephone," she said, returning. "It was the front door bell. One of the Wilkin children asking if we'd seen Wally."

"Only the Germans," said Stella bitterly, "would install a door bell that was practically indistinguishable from a telephone bell. Oh, what wouldn't I give to be home!"

Robert returned an hour later with the unwelcome information that he would have to have an early supper and leave again immediately to attend a talk by the Commander-in-Chief Northern Army Group.

Stella said: "Are you taking the car?"

"No. I'm being called for."

He lifted Stella's hands and kissed them. "I'm sorry, my love. I don't like having to leave you two alone in the house." He turned to Miranda. "Keep an eye on her for me, Randa. She's just about all in."

"I will." Miranda got up. She went into the hall with Robert and locked and bolted the door before returning to the drawing-room.

"If only I'd known Robert was going to be out I'd have asked a couple of people in to play bridge," said Stella, her face white and frightened.

She took up a book, but Miranda noticed that, although she occasionally turned a page, her eyes were unmoving and fixed in a blind stare. Her frightened tension reacted unpleasantly upon Miranda's own taut nerves.

After a while, Stella dropped her book to the floor and stood up abruptly. "It's cold," she said in a high, strained voice. "I think I'll get a cardigan."

She went quickly out of the room, leaving the door ajar behind her. Miranda heard her cross the hall, and a faint draught of cold air swung the drawing-room door open a little wider. Then the telephone bell rang shrilly.

Simon! thought Miranda with a gasp of relief. She jumped to her feet, but Stella was already at the telephone.

"Hallo? . . . Yes, speaking. . . . *Who?*" Stella's voice sounded unnaturally high-pitched. "*No*! . . . No I can't—not at this time of night! . . . It's no good, I daren't! . . . I tell you I daren't . . . not alone. Is Robert there? . . . Can I speak to him? . . . Oh. Oh, I see."

There was a long pause and then Stella's voice sounded again, trembling and shrill: "How do I know it is you? It might be anyone! . . . Oh. . . . All right then. I'll ring you back."

There was a click as the receiver was replaced, and Miranda heard Stella ruffle through the leaves of the telephone book and presently dial a number.

"Hallo?—Oh, it *is* you. I—I had to be sure. . . . Very well then. I'll do it. . . . Yes, as soon as I can."

SHE rang off and came back into the drawing-room. Her eyes were feverishly bright and she was breathing quickly. She said: "It was Colonel Cantrell. He says he has to see me. He wouldn't say much on the phone, but Robert is there, and Captain Lang. He said I was to take the car and drive over at once."

Stella went quickly out into the hall. She took down a dark tweed coat from its peg and struggled into it. Miranda, following, saw that her hands were trembling so that she could not fasten the heavy coat buttons, and she caught at Stella's arm.

"Don't go, Stel! Let them come

here. You can't go alone! It isn't safe, I tell you. It isn't safe!"

"I must," said Stella briefly. "I'll be all right. Robert's there."

Miranda said, "All right then—I'm coming with you."

Stella turned, relief and a tense anxiety on her white face. "No, Randa! You keep out of this. Stay here and lock yourself safely in the drawing-room until I get back."

"I'm not going to argue with you, darling," Miranda said firmly, pulling on a coat. "Have we got a torch?"

Stella laughed a little hysterically. "Yes—I've got one here. . . . All right then—on your own head be it!"

She turned away to unbar the door and a little chill wind breathed against Miranda's cheek. She turned her head, puzzled, for the front door was still shut; and it was then that she noticed that the tiny, narrow window alongside the door stood open to the night air.

The window was too narrow for even the smallest child to squeeze through. Yet supposing someone had thought that by reaching in an arm they could unlock the door? It was not possible; but someone standing outside might not know that.

Stella pulled back the last bolt and turned to see Miranda's fixed and frightened eyes. She said sharply: "What is it? What are you looking at?"

"The window," said Miranda in a shaking whisper. "Did you open it?"

Stella shook her head. Her eyes were wide and terrified.

"Someone did. It wasn't open when Robert left."

Stella licked her dry lips: "Perhaps—perhaps the catch is loose and the wind blew it open." She caught at Miranda's arm. "Randa—you don't think. . . ."

Miranda said: "I don't know. Shut that door again and wait here a minute." She turned and ran back across the hall.

"Where are you going? Miranda—where are you going?" Stella's voice rose to a scream.

"I'm going to get Robert's revolver!"

A minute later, panting and breathless, she was back again, the heavy service revolver in her hand.

Stella looked from the ugly weapon to Miranda's face. The glazed look of fear left her eyes and they glittered with excitement. She said, "I never thought of that. Come on, let's go."

There was a misty halo round the moon and the wind that drifted through the branches of the trees threw slow-moving shadows from the nearest street lamp over the path that led to the garage. Stella switched on the headlights and a blaze of warm light filled the garage and drove back the blackness. She backed the car out and drove away down the quiet road.

As the purr of the car died away, a figure that had been standing in deep shadow ran lightly up the path towards the house and slipped through the door that Stella had forgotten to lock.

A moment later, there came the faint click of the telephone receiver being lifted.

MIRANDA sank back against the car seat, breathing quickly. The palms of her hands were clammy and she put the revolver down carefully on the seat beside her and rubbed them against her coat.

"How do you know that it was Colonel Cantrell who telephoned?" she asked anxiously. "It may have been someone pretending to be him."

Stella said, "I didn't know. That's why I told him I'd ring him back."

"I forgot that. Then it must be all right."

"Of course it is."

But was it? Supposing it was possible for someone to use Colonel Cantrell's telephone? And yet if anyone had wanted to get Stella out of the house, why had the window been opened?

The window . . . if only she could stop being frightened and think clearly, it could tell her something.

The car slid softly to a standstill in front of a pair of rusty iron gates that were vaguely familiar to Miranda. Stella switched off the lights and the engine and slipped out quietly into the road. Miranda scrambled out and stood beside her.

"Where are we?" she whispered. And even as she spoke she knew where they were. She said, "But this is the Ridders' house!"

Stella said: "He told me to come here."

Miranda caught at Stella's arm: "Let's go back! It's a trap. Stella—don't!"

Stella jerked away her arm. She said: "He told me not to be afraid. I was to walk up the path and into the house, and I would understand when I got there. Stay here if you like. I'm going."

She turned towards the gates and Miranda said: "No—wait! Stella—wait for me." She groped about in the darkened car. "I can't find the gun."

"It's all right," said Stella, "I've got it."

The iron gates squeaked open under Stella's hand, and they passed through and stood in the black shadow of a clump of laurels.

The moonlit sky silhouetted the gaunt shell of the house. A breath of the night wind stirred the laurels, making the lacquered leaves click and rustle.

Stella clutched at Miranda's arm. "Go on," she whispered.

They moved along the sunken path towards the house, their feet stumbling among a tangle of weeds and broken paving stones, and reached the bottom of the short flight of stone steps that led up to the empty gaping doorway. Miranda could hear Stella's quick breathing a pace behind her and the heavy beating of her own heart. She took a step upward, feeling for it with her foot. The empty doorway yawned on blackness and beside it a fragment of broken glass in a narrow slotted window gleamed palely.

*The window!* Miranda's hand fell to her side and she stood quite still. Of course, that was the answer! Someone had opened the window from the inside. But that could only mean——

She turned quickly, her back to the blackness of the empty doorway. "Stella! *You* opened that window, didn't you?"

She heard Stella catch her breath in

## WHO'S WHO?

**They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details below, can you provide each man with his potted biography—and his name? The answers are on page 36.**

**BORN:**
- A. Fifty years ago in Clerkenwell, London, son of a Jewish tailor.
- B. Fifty-two years ago at Attock Serai, India, a civil servant's son.

**FIRST JOB:**
- C. In a drapery warehouse.
- D. English tutor to the children of a French-Jewish baron.

**HAS SAID:**
- E. "The school I represent accepts the social changes of our time."
- F. "People are funny—they become easily frightened by something new."

**FAMOUS AS:**
- G. A musical tycoon.
- H. The holder of other people's purse strings.

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N7

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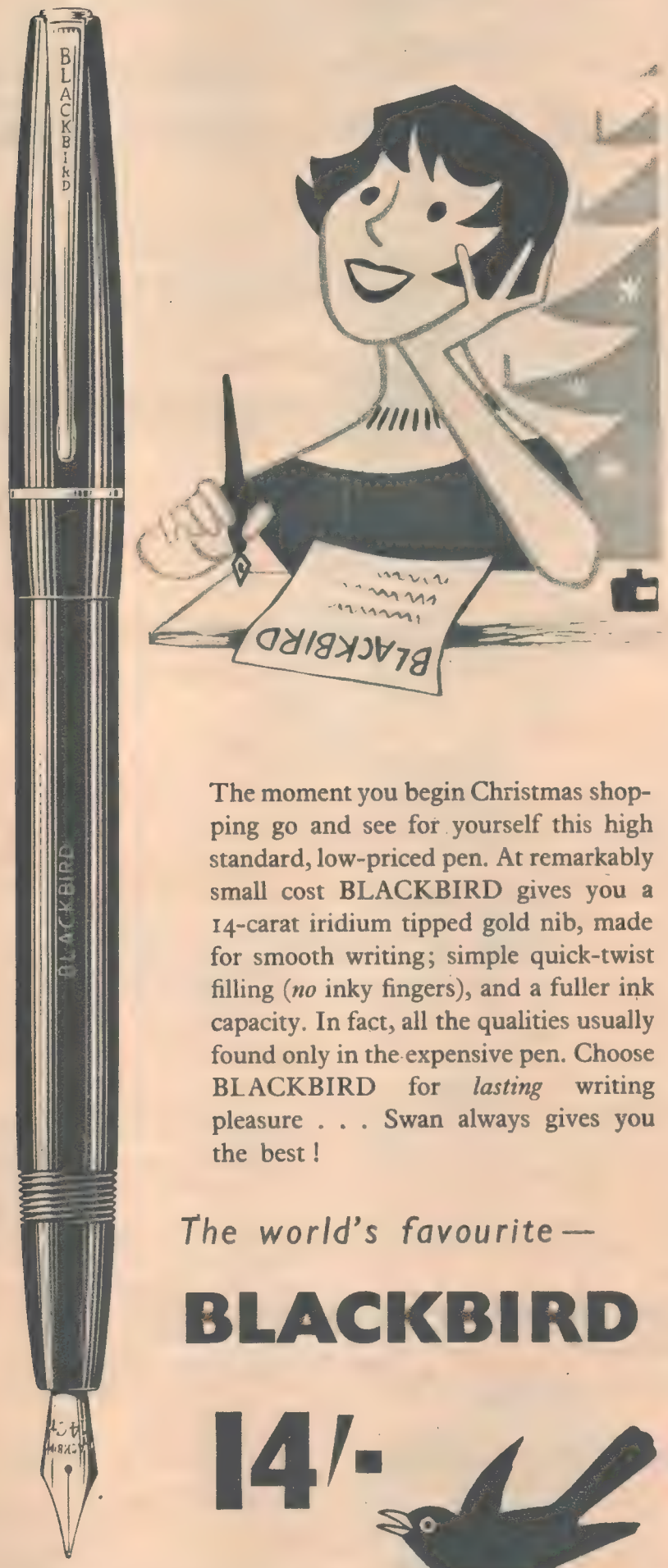


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a gasp. "Which window? Why should I open it?"

"To reach the bell. You wanted to reach the bell. . . ." Miranda's voice died suddenly and her eyes stared down at the thing that Stella held. Stella's hand was not shaking any longer. It was quite steady, and the moonlight glinted on the barrel of Robert's revolver.

Stella laughed. A gay, clear, cold-blooded little laugh that echoed strangely in the hollow shell of the house. She said: "You gave me the idea yourself. You thought it was the phone bell. I could have done it in the house of course, but there might have been traces and you are too heavy to carry. This was so much simpler."

Miranda could neither speak nor move, and something in her petrified immobility seemed to infuriate the older woman. She said shrilly: "You thought you'd been very clever, didn't you? Spying around the garage and looking at the speedometer! I didn't know I'd left a smear of paint on the door, but you knew! You were spying on me in my own house! Spying on me, and trying to get Robert away from me. Well you won't get him! Neither you nor that two-faced slut, Sally Page! Once I've got the money I can get him away from the army and from her. And no one will ever know what happened to you! You'll just disappear and they'll think you've run away because you're afraid of being arrested!"

She paused for breath, gasping. But only one word had made sense to Miranda. She said thickly: "Paint? Then it was you who——"

"Oh yes," said Stella, her voice once more childlike and casual. "I drowned her. I waited for her by the pool and hit her with the spanner. She'd tried to kill me, you see. She wanted to keep all the money for herself. She deserved to be killed."

Miranda said numbly: "What money?"

"The diamonds, of course," said Stella impatiently. "They're here—in this house. Go on—turn round and go inside. I couldn't miss you at this range, so don't try anything silly."

Miranda turned and walked through the gaping doorway into the silent house. Nothing made sense any more. A torch flashed on behind her and the thin yellow pencil of light played on the rubble-strewn space that had been a hall, and a dark ruined archway beyond. A cold ring of metal pressed against her neck. A curving flight of steps, choked with debris, led down into blackness, and Miranda groped her way downwards, following the inexorable bar of light, into what appeared to be part of a ruined, vaulted cellar.

Stella said: "Take off that bracelet and hand it to me. No, don't turn round!"

Miranda's cold fingers fumbled with the stiff clasp. The bracelet slipped off and she held it out behind her and felt it taken.

"Now go and stand over there."

Miranda moved forward again and turned, her eyes dazzled by the full glare of the torch.

STELLA spoke shrilly. "Turn round! I won't have you looking at me! I can't do it while you look at me." She lifted the revolver in a shaking hand. As she did so, a hand came over her shoulder and twisted the gun out of her grasp.

"I'll take that, please, Mrs. Melville," said Simon Lang gently.

Stella screamed, a high, horrible scream like a trapped rabbit, and the torch fell to the floor and went out. Something brushed past Miranda in the dark and then the blackness was rent by a flash of flame and the crashing reverberations of a shot.

She heard Simon say savagely: "*You damned idiot!*" Then there was another sound; a slow ominous mutter like a growl of thunder, and a rumble of falling stone. The vaulted darkness was suddenly full of dust and torch beams, and someone had caught her arm and was dragging her through the rubble-strewn, roofless rooms out into the safety of the garden.

The rumble grew to a roar and the gaunt black shell of the house appeared to sway and dissolve against the night sky, and the moonlight was thick with dust and mortar and flying splinters of stone. Then silence, except for a gasping voice saying over and over again: "I tried to get her, sir, but she twisted away and ran back. She twisted away and ran back. . . . I tried to get her. . . ."

"It was the German, of course," said Simon some time later. "I should have remembered that a Continental cop is apt to be a bit quick on the draw. He thought she would escape and fired at her. But you can't go loosing off firearms in a building of that description without asking for trouble."

Miranda said: "Was she—was she alive when you found her?"

Simon looked at her and glimpsed something of the horror that lurked behind the small white face. He looked away again and said in a completely matter-of-fact voice, "Yes. She lasted long enough to make some sort of a statement. It was the best way out for her, you know. She knew it, too. The last thing she said was: 'I never knew I'd live to be grateful to a German.'"

MIRANDA's mouth twisted and she bent her head hurriedly over the suitcase on the floor to hide the tears in her eyes.

Simon looked down at the bent head and the hands that were trying to wrap a shoe in tissue paper and bungling the job because they trembled so, and, realizing that talking might ease that intolerable strain, asked casually: "When did you realize that it was Mrs. Melville?"

Miranda looked up. She said slowly, "It was the window. The little window by the front door was open, and I thought someone had tried to get in. And then I saw the window of the Ridder house, and I suddenly realized that, of course, it could only have been opened from the inside and so only Stella could have opened it. And then all at once I remembered that the door bell and the telephone bell sounded alike, and I—I don't know why, but I had a sudden picture in my mind of Stella reaching out and pressing the bell and then going quickly to the telephone. And I blurted it out, and——" Miranda stopped and gave a hopeless little shrug of her shoulders. "Simon, why did it have to happen? I don't understand. It's all such a ghastly muddle."

"Not now," said Simon. "We've sorted it out at last. Lottie's helped us. Lottie and Wally."

"*Lottie*! Why, how could she?"

Simon said: "Mademoiselle, who was Frau Schumacher, thought that Brigadier Brindley might possibly have recognized her, and when he took those sleeping powders she saw her chance. She accepted one herself, you remember, intending, I'm fairly certain, to give it to Lottie. But Lottie poured her hot milk away while Mademoiselle was out of the carriage."

Miranda said quickly: "So she wasn't asleep after all!"

"No. She only pretended to be; and she was still awake when her governess left the carriage that night and she saw her come back. She saw something else as well. Mademoiselle had worn a pair of black gloves, and when she returned to the carriage she rinsed those gloves in the basin and the water turned red."

Miranda caught her breath in a hard gasp. "But why didn't she tell?"

"For a very simple reason—from a child's point of view. For fear that it

## WHO'S WHO?

**B D E H are the clues on page 35 which help to identify the man on the left as Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer. After leaving Cambridge he was employed as a tutor by Baron Robert de Rothschild.**

**A C F G identify the man on the right as Gerald Bright—Geraldo, the dance band leader. He is also musical adviser to Blackpool Tower Company, and controls ten orchestras aboard ocean liners.**

"On second thoughts, perhaps we'd better buy one or two Christmas cards after all"

would give away the fact that she had thrown away her milk instead of drinking it. All the same, she did tell someone. She told Wally, and later still she told her stepmother. That was just before Mrs. Melville walked into your room at the hostel and found her governess rifling your suitcases."

"So you were right about that! Was it my bracelet she wanted?"

"It was. And for a very odd reason. We all thought that she and her husband murdered the Ridders for the sake of the diamonds, but it turns out that they knew nothing about them. They had planned the murder for the sake of the money and the jewels alone. They found the bracelet with the swastika charm when they stripped Ridder's body, but they didn't know it was worth anything to them.

"A year or two later, in the concentration camp, Greta Schumacher met a woman whose uncle had made the swastika charm, and learned from her that it was the key to a secret safe in Ridder's house.

"Was it really a key?" demanded Miranda. "And have you found the diamonds?"

He nodded. "Yes. But it was only a key in the sense of a clue. It was made in two sections and opened on a concealed hinge, and on the inner surfaces were the numbers for three sets of combination locks. When Mademoiselle heard the brigadier's story about the diamonds, that swastika suddenly meant a great deal."

"How do you know all this?"

"She told Mrs. Melville. And Wally Wilkin was hiding under the bed!"

"But I don't understand. Why should she tell Stella?"

"That's where Lottie comes in. Lottie had told Mrs. Melville about Mademoiselle's doings in the night, and Mrs. Melville had rushed along to your room to consult you. She found the governess going through your boxes and told her that she was going straight to the police. Then Mademoiselle offered her a half share in a colossal fortune to hold her tongue."

Miranda stood up suddenly and went over to the window. "Stella did that. For money!"

"For Robert," corrected Simon, softly.

Miranda swung round. "What do you mean?"

"It's rather an involved story," said Simon, slowly. "We got part of it from Mrs. Leslie."

Miranda said quickly: "Mrs. Leslie hated her! You can't go by that."

"She had her reasons," said Simon, gently.

"Robert?"

"No. Johnnie Radley. Stella's first husband. When Radley returned to India after his first leave, Stella refused to go back with him. Radley was hurt and lonely and he fell in love with another girl and asked Stella for a divorce. She wouldn't hear of it; and, finding no way out, he volunteered for a particularly dangerous mission and was killed. The girl shot herself when she heard the news. She was Norah Leslie's sister."

"Oh!" said Miranda, on a gasp. "I see. Then that was why . . . go on."

"Stella posed as a heart-broken widow, and after the war she met Robert. But Robert was different from Johnnie Radley. She was desperately in love with Robert, and when he was sent abroad she would have gone with him. But she was not allowed to. She became terrified that history would repeat itself and that because she could not be with him he might leave her for someone else. And then, on the journey out here, she realized that Robert knew Sally Page rather too well, and it frightened her. She began to see that she must live Robert's life or lose him, as they could not afford to leave the army. Mademoiselle's offer came at just the right moment. Money was the only way out."

Miranda said with a bitter little laugh: "And I thought it was Sally! I worked it all out."

"Did you? How?"

"There was a face tissue in Mademoiselle's room." She saw the change in Simon's face and said quickly: "You knew about that?"

Simon said: "Mrs. Melville put it there. She wanted to draw suspicion on to Mrs. Page. She reasoned that certain people might think Sally Page had a motive for getting Robert's wife out of the way—those people who thought that Friedel had been killed in mistake for Mrs. Melville. But it was Mademoiselle who killed Friedel—in mistake for you. She meant only to stun you, I think, and steal the bracelet, thereby double-crossing Mrs. Melville. But she hit harder than she intended, and Mrs. Melville was convinced that her governess had meant to murder her. She palmed that toy of Lottie's, sent Mademoiselle off on a wild-goose chase and went after her in the car. But she didn't reckon on the green paint."

Miranda said: "I don't understand about the green paint."

Simon gave a short laugh "That was Wally again! Mademoiselle's bicycle had green rubber handles, and he covered the handles with wet paint. It was smeared all over her hands. And Mrs. Melville, who slid both Mademoiselle and her bicycle into the water, got it all over her gloves and smeared


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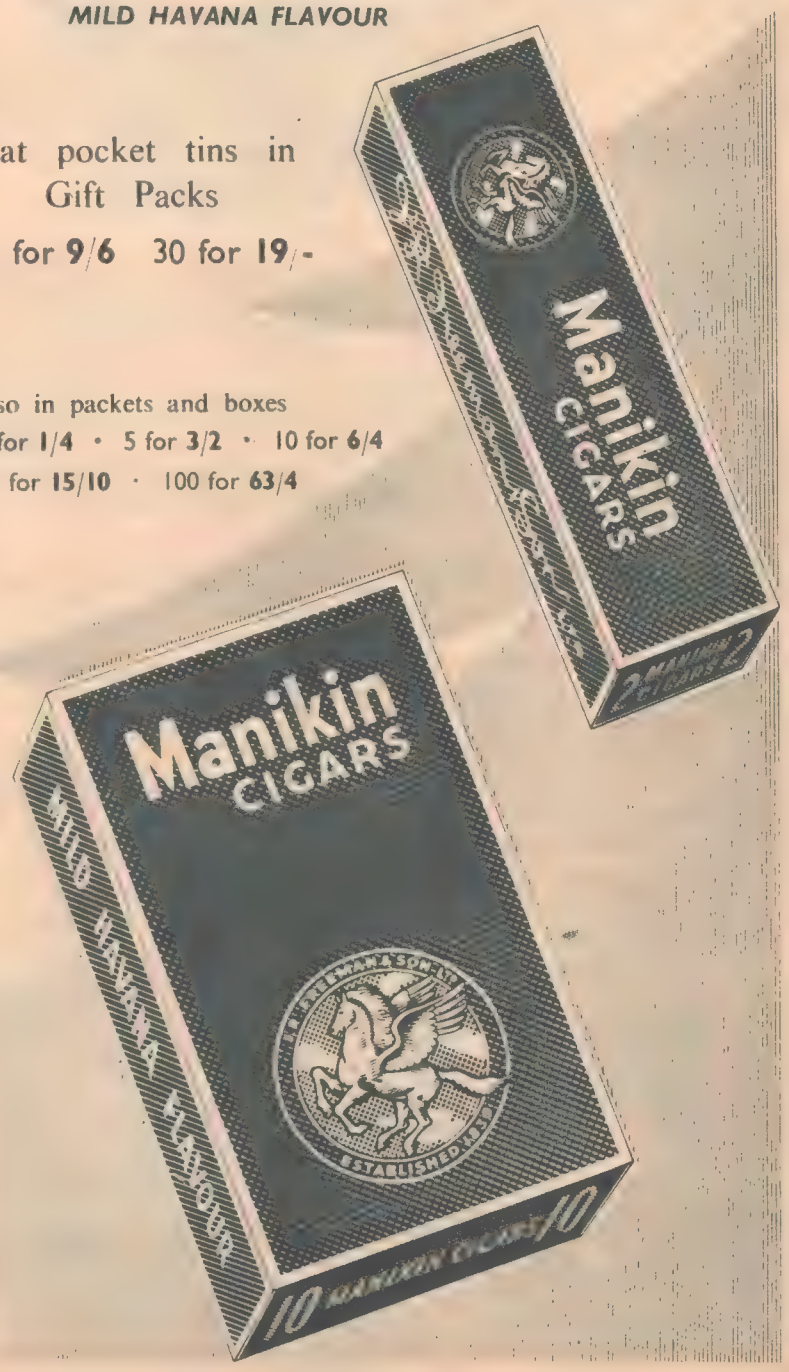


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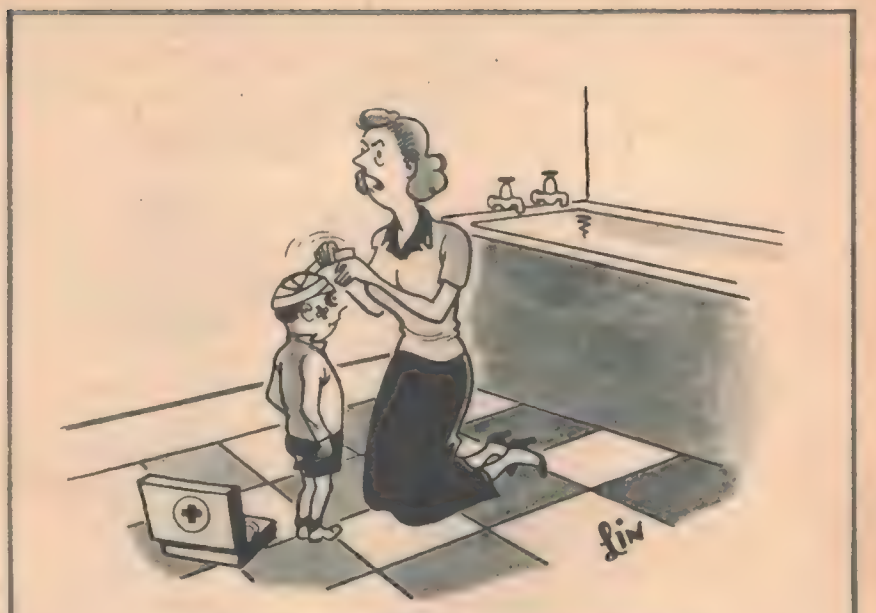


**"Can't you try picking on someone smaller?"**

some on the car door in the dark. She didn't notice it until she got home. But Wally knew. He was snooping through the garage window when she arrived back, and saw her pull off her gloves and look at the green stains. She fetched Mademoiselle's bottle of turpentine, cleaned her wrist, and burned the gloves."

Miranda shivered and pushed her hands into the pockets of her skirt to hide the fact that they were trembling again. She said: "You knew it was Stella, didn't you? You knew all the time."

"No. Not for a long time," Simon said. "Not until the very last day, in fact. I knew that someone in the house must be involved when I heard that the governess had come back in the night and left the china bear and removed some of her belongings. I was sure it wasn't true, because no one had heard her, although she must have locked the front door behind her, and it will only lock from the outside if it's banged hard—and she couldn't have left the house any other way, because both the back door and the french window were bolted at night. So it seemed to me more likely that someone inside the house had faked that return and just slipped the latch."

"But when did you begin to think it was Stella?"

"When I mentioned the green paint I saw her face, and I was sure."

Miranda shuddered. She said: "You told me as much as you dared, to try and put me on my guard, didn't you?"

He hesitated. "Well—not exactly. I needed proof. I thought that if Mrs. Melville could be brought to believe that you knew more than you should she might be goaded into showing her hand. I didn't know that she suspected you already, but I knew that she was afraid of you."

"Afraid of *me*?" said Miranda, astounded. "Why on earth should she be afraid of me?"

Simon examined his fingernails with careful attention: "Robert," he said.

Miranda coloured hotly. "But that's absurd!"

"Is it? There was a time when I myself wondered if there might not be something in it. You could have wanted money and Robert. The two went together."

Miranda said furiously: "You dared! You actually dared to think that I. . . ."

"Calm down, darling. It was only a theory—one of many."

Miranda said helplessly: "But even so, why should she want to kill *me*? There was still Sally."

"Oh, it wasn't that. I thought you knew. From your own account of that last night, she told you herself."

"She said something about spying on her, and—and a speedometer. I didn't understand."

Simon looked at her curiously. "Then you didn't notice anything about the car on the night that Mademoiselle disappeared? She was convinced that you had. When you went down to the garage that evening, just after she had got back from the swimming pool, there were three things you might have seen. First, that the engine was still hot although the car was supposed to have been back well over half an hour. Secondly, that the handle of the door was smeared with green paint. And lastly, that the speedometer had clocked up a higher figure than it should. You evidently made some idle remark during supper about always remembering numbers."

Miranda said bitterly: "Then she had it all planned!"

Simon said gently: "Oh no. It all jumped into her mind when you and she were left alone in the house that night."

"But—you knew what she might do, and you let me go through all that—that horror! You're nothing but a cold-blooded, scheming——"

"You weren't in any danger, my sweet," said Simon, mildly. "I'd run Wally to earth by then, and had a pretty clear idea of the form. You were more or less under observation from the second you walked out of the front door. And, anyway, I'd unloaded the gun."

"*Oh!*" said Miranda, explosively. "Well, if you're quite sure that you've said all you want to say, I think you had better go! I've got a lot of packing to do. And I don't know what you mean by walking calmly into my bedroom in the first place, and I'm not your sweet!"

"Aren't you?" said Simon, softly. "Well, I won't argue the point. But you're wasting your time over that packing—you'll only have to unpack it all again. As for my walking into your bedroom, I'm afraid you will have to get used to it. I understand it is one of a husband's privileges."

"Oh!" said Miranda again. "You—you're very sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"Very," agreed Simon, placidly. "I generally get what I want."

"Miranda," said Mrs. Lawrence, walking briskly into the room a few moments later, "do you know if Captain Lang has left yet, or. . . . Oh, I'm sorry!" She retreated hurriedly and closed the door. "Well, really!" observed Mrs. Lawrence. "You wouldn't think that after three murders and. . . . Oh, well!"

She shrugged her shoulders tolerantly and went downstairs to explain to her cook in what she confidently imagined to be German that der Herr Polizisten Kapitän Lang would be staying to lunch.

*THE END*

***"A Trip To Berlin" by Mollie M. Kaye will be published as "Death Walked In Berlin," by Staples Press, on January 31, at 10s. 6d.***

## THE ENEMY BOY

*Continued from page* 11

turned as it was tumbled through the shallows, she didn't at first recognize it.

Then it shot right past her. A small, broad-toed brown sandal.

The path was easier now, running between boulders and in and out of the shallows. Ann stumbled on like a mad woman, searching the river for what she dreaded to find, for a small body caught in the tangle of driftwood between two boulders or resting on the bottom of a pool. . . .

She was remembering Sandy, the shining candour of his eyes, his grave voice as he explained the things that had captivated his vivid imagination, his drowsy beauty on waking from siesta, his lithe fearlessness and his ringing laugh and the grown-up, masculine way in which he sometimes withdrew to a world that was completely private. She was remembering Sandy when, suddenly, she pushed aside a curtain of green and saw him.

As she might have known, his tough determination had carried him right to the pool where the tigers were supposed to drink. She saw him across a boulder-strewn clearing that was part of the river's flood-bed, his left shoe missing and his leg scratched and bleeding. Beyond him was the wide pool; and beyond that, its glitter masked and its roar almost silenced by a tall screen of jungle-fringed rock, the waterfall.

Ann started forward with a sob, but a creeper held her back. It was then that she saw he wasn't alone.

Sandy was with a soldier whose jungle-green uniform made him almost invisible in the green shadows. For a dazed second she wondered whether Sergeant Strang's men could have got there before her; then she realized the impossibility of that. A moment later the soldier moved his gun and took a step out of the shadow. And she saw the slant of his eyes and the red star on his green cap.

A bandit.

Sandy sat on a rock, talking to the bandit and pointing to his bare, blood-stained foot. He loved soldiers, the young English soldiers from Sergeant Strang's camp, the friendly Malay soldiers and the amazing Dyak trackers with their long hair and tattooed throats.

Ann moved stealthily round the edge of the clearing. Soon she could hear Sandy's voice.

"Sergeant Strang has shot two bandits. Have you shot any?"

In good English, the bandit answered: "I also shot two enemies—with this gun."

Sandy examined the gun while the terrorist stared down at him, evidently wondering what to do with him.

"Better you go home," the bandit said suddenly, pulling the boy roughly to his feet. "You go quick."

"Can't," Sandy said. "Lost my shoe and got a thorn in my foot. You take me."

THAT was the moment when a movement caught the corner of her eye and she saw Gray, walking along the jungle edge. He hadn't seen Sandy or the bandit; a clump of palms was blocking his view momentarily.

There was a heart-freezing pause and then, as he took another step forward, three things happened at once. Ann cried: "Gray!" and Sandy called out: "Daddy!" and the bandit shouted: "Hands up, Mr. Oliver!"

Gray didn't put up his hands. He whirled round, his carbine at his hip, but he didn't fire. The bandit had dropped down on one knee behind Sandy, his arms round the boy's chest. From where Gray crouched, the bandit was almost completely screened.

"Your hands up, Mr. Oliver!" he cried again.

Gray sprang suddenly sideways. There was a tree to his right that could have given useful cover, but he never reached it. He had halted with one foot in a loop of a tough creeper. As he sprang, it threw him heavily and he went sprawling, the carbine falling several yards away.

"If you move, I shoot!" The bandit waited a moment until he was satisfied Gray had understood, then he turned on Ann.

"Mrs. Oliver," he said, "take your child and go away."

She stood still and silent, her eyes turning slowly from Sandy to Gray.

"Call your child and go away quickly," the bandit said. "Your husband is my prisoner. You cannot help him."

She stared across at Gray, who lay among the rocks, his face running with sweat and desperately tense. He said: "Go, Ann. You can't help."

She couldn't help. . . . She had got them into this and she couldn't help to get them out. It seemed that those were to be his last words to her: *You can't help.*

"Gray, no—please—"

"If I try anything he'll shoot you or Sandy," Gray called across the burning stones. "Goodbye, Ann, and God bless you both."

In a tight, hoarse voice she called Sandy to her.

"Can't," Sandy called back. "Got a thorn in my foot."

"Come and take him away." The bandit's voice was empty of patience.

ANN started across the strewn boulders towards him. He still held Sandy like a shield in front of him. Deliberately, she avoided a straight course, taking one that would bring her between him and Gray. When she reached a point directly between them, she half turned and walked towards the terrorist's gun, blocking his view of Gray.

But he was alert. At once he threw Sandy roughly to the left and sprang to the right. Ann went rigid as three bullets flew past her. Whirling round, she saw Gray a yard nearer his gun but still on the ground. Her manoeuvre hadn't given him enough time.

Turning, she saw Sandy picking himself up, scared but silent. She stumbled forward to take him in her arms.

Only, at the last moment, she didn't. Instead, her arms still open, she swept round in a desperate leap and ran straight at the bandit.

His eyes on Gray, he had taken a step back. When he suddenly switched his eyes to her he had time to fire but not time to aim. Three more shots grazed her hair and then she was on him, throwing her arms wildly round his neck. She clung desperately, her face close to the sallow jaws and oblique eyes, the stale smell of his old green uniform stifling her, his thin fist with the gun in it pummelling her head and shoulders.

As a blow from the gun sent her plunging below the surface of consciousness she heard, very dimly, a new outburst of firing. . . .

Gray was dabbing her forehead with a cold, soaked handkerchief. "The devil got away, Ann," he told her. "Lost his gun, though."

She gazed for a moment deep into Gray's eyes as he helped her to her feet. Then she took up the boy who was the other half of her life and carried him to the water's edge.

As soon as they rounded the cliff, the majesty of the great falls burst on them, the dazzling curtain of water and the deep roar. She saw how dazed and scared Sandy's eyes were. If he wasn't quickly distracted, what he had witnessed in the past few minutes was going to leave a deep wound in his young mind.

And then she looked down and there was the answer.

"Look, Sandy!" she shouted exultantly, pointing.

A tiger's pug-marks, a complete set of them, were printed in a large horse-shoe of mud close to the water's edge.

The deep flush that always coloured Sandy's cheeks in moments of profound emotion spread beneath his radiant eyes. It was one of the great moments of his five years of life. He struggled from her arms and reverently, like a pilgrim at a shrine, he bent over the first footprint, entirely happy.

Ann watched him, her heart too full to speak. Her body gave a small tremor as Gray moved beside her and placed his arm round her. The three of them, together again, gazed down at the tiger's footprints. THE END


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(CVS 251)

## JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN: TYNESIDE

*Continued from page 14*

little station platform. Electric cable, from a drum, unwound across the muddy road. Several lorries were backed into the station entrance. Somewhere close by, hidden in the bottom of the valley, a concrete mixer growled.

Inside the stone-built station a signal bell rang sharply, and an elderly porter came out on to the platform. I leaned over the fence and spoke to him.

"I see the Forestry Commission's here," I said.

"Here!" said the porter. "They're here all right. They own the place. Everything." He swept a comprehensive hand out to the horizon. "Everything round here. The old Duke of Northumberland, he used to have fifteen thousand acres here. They took it all."

There was a distant chuffing down the valley, and the porter—his name was David Steel—glanced down the line with practised eye.

"See those rides zigzagging up through the trees. The duke made those so's the duchess could go riding up there with her pony and trap. That's the castle, up through the trees, on the hillside. What is it now? Oh, Forestry Commission! Offices and workmen's club! The duke, he used to come up in his Rolls . . . but he'd stop and give anybody a lift, anybody at all. So would the duchess for that matter. . . ."

He moved across the platform as a two-coach train steamed in with great dignity and shuffled to a stop.

### Castle On The Hill

I got back into my car and drove down past the half-finished houses, down the muddy road, past the new village going up where Kielder Burn ripples into the North Tyne, and then up the winding hill to where the ducal seat was perched, near the top, a square, lugubrious castellated structure, classification "Shooting Box," erected to the design of the first duke in 1780.

All the way up the hill I'd been passing women clutching small children by the hand. Now, in the drive, there were more. Empty perambulators formed a circle around the castle portico.

It was infants' clinic day for the forestry workers' families.

Inside, it was cosily warm, suffused with the fragrance of burning wood being consumed in special stoves. Open office doors revealed walls covered with multi-coloured maps and charts of plantings and thinnings and scheduled plantings. I climbed the stairs and was ushered into the presence of the successor of the Percies, heir of Hotspur, the new Warden of the Middle March, a pleasant young man in fawn plus-fours.

His name was Bell and he was District Officer at Kielder, and, it soon became clear, something of an enthusiast. Kielder Forest, he told me, 70,000 acres in extent, was the biggest scheme on which the Forestry Commission was engaged. And they were still planting at the rate of two thousand acres a year. Outside the window a hillside rose steeply into the sky. "That hillside," said Howard Bell, "all that's planted. In five years trees will come right to the top."

### Diverse Origins

Kielder Forest already has quite a population of workers; ultimately it will employ two thousand men in the woods alone.

Their origins are diverse, these new back-to-the-landers. There are riveters and platers from Tyneside shipyards, Durham miners, and North Yorkshire iron workers. A good many were sent up—anywhere for a job—during the great depression of the thirties. Some stuck it, others faded away after a week or two.

"And that's an interesting thing," said Bell. "It was the families that had their roots in the countryside, especially those that had originated here in Tynedale, that took to the life. It was your real dyed-in-the-wool townsmen who couldn't stick it."

Nevertheless, there were many who counted the town well lost.

Mrs. Currie, Bell's assistant, had come from Newcastle not very long ago, but now she didn't like to go to the place. It was much more fun growing prize sweet peas, and there was plenty doing in the village, with its Boy Scouts and Women's Institute and tennis club.

At Kielder, District Officer Bell delivered me to the care of Raymond Young, forester in charge of Deadwater, East Kielder and Plashetts sections of the forest, to see me safely to the Border.

Off we went, past the duke's old stables, now converted into forestry workers' neat dwellings, past the little henhouse of a telephone exchange—all farms in the district had been connected free because of the fire danger—and down the road to Scotland.

The dark disciplined ranks of the conifers closed in upon us. There were little piles of "Christmas tree" thinnings at intervals, all the way along the road. But these days, said Young, city shoppers were getting more choosy. Now they would only buy the "real Christmas Tree," the Norway spruce.

On the east, the forest area stretched away for six miles or more now, right over to the desolation of Oh Me Edge. Young pointed out Deadwater Moor, where the North Tyne rises, and, next to it, Peel Fell, one of the few places in England where, on a clear day, you can see both the North Sea and the Solway Firth.

The North Tyne, alias Deadwater Burn, was still with us, trickling along near the roadside, a narrow brook now, a mere ditch.

Then, in the middle of nowhere, there was a big advertisement board on the roadside: SHOP AT BINNS, SCOTLAND. And that was the Border!

### Official Notice

It ran down the mountainside, following the line of the Forestry Commission's fence, cut over the road, then ran at an angle across two fields and underneath Deadwater Station. But it was left to British Railways and their representative, Miss Florence Beeson, to take proper official notice of the fact.

Young and I went over the field path that joined the road to the little station. At the end of the platform stood a large cut-out, a rose on one side, a thistle on the other, ornamentally and appropriately inscribed. A thread of smoke came from the station's stone chimney.

We walked up the deserted platform. There was a row of red geraniums under the booking office window, across which two transfers were stuck: DEADWATER . . . DEADWATER. Inside, there was a grandfather clock in the corner—and Miss Beeson in a neat BR beret.

The next train? An hour and a half! Three a day in each direction, two stopping by request. But Miss Beeson didn't mind waiting—she had three nice rooms next to the booking office, and a busy pen of Rhode Island Reds at the end of the platform.

### Deer Ran On Track

Before the war the Beesons had lived in Wallsend. Then Florence's sister, Connie, had joined the Land Army and been drafted up to Kielder. She had liked it so much that, after the war, her mother and sister had joined her. And when old Miss Gill, who had looked after Deadwater Station for twenty years, had a stroke, Florence sort of naturally fell into the job.

A bit on the slow side? Well, in summer there were the Ramblers' Specials—and you'd no idea how many hikers came over to click their cameras at the Thistle-and-Rose sign at the end of the platform. In October there were the bales of wool, going off to Hawick. And one day a deer ran across in front of a train and nearly got killed.

These deer, in fact, roaming over the whole area in large numbers, even in packs, impart an almost Wild West flavour to Kielder life. Not long before, the Kielder constable, portly P.C. Ireland, had run slap-bang into one of them on his bicycle in the dark. He had been in hospital for quite some time.

But Deadwater? What lay behind so sinister, so chilling, a name, so inappropriate to the cheerful enterprise of British Railways? Florence Beeson had an answer: "You know, they say there's a pond up there on Deadwater Moor. And they say that if you look into it, it sort of draws you in. . . ."

The Rhode Island Reds clucked amiably at each other in their pen at the platform's end. Another hour or two and it would be almost time for the four-thirty Up.

### A Pouncing Lion

The Tyne isn't a long river. From its Deadwater source to its mouth at Shields can't be much over sixty miles. The first thirty-five of those are along this North Tyne valley through the Cheviots—to Hexham.

The life of Tyneside began to knit together across the bridges; the first over the combined streams, at Hexham; then the second, at Corbridge, which looks out over the ruins of the Roman station which was the farthest north regular Roman settlement in Britain and the home of the Corbridge Lion, a spirited piece of Romano-Celtic sculpture, depicting a lion pouncing on a deer. ("Our lion," said the custodian, "is well known throughout the antiquarian world.")

Then, unobtrusively at first, the pit villages' beginning, the outriders of Tyneside industrialism; in place of the pele-towers, pithead gear now, silhouetted against the sky. But the pit villages here did not seem to have the awful grimness and desolation of many in Durham and South Wales. The pit rows, if bleak, were well built, and the green countryside still lived around them.

Was it perhaps because, along the Tyne, coalmining was not an uproarious eruption but an ancient process, evolving down the centuries? Take a country walk here and you are soon stumbling into ancient waterlogged "bell-pits," the curious bell-shaped caves which the early miners hollowed out, with ladders and buckets, in the coal seams just below the ground. Hundreds of little shafts—a later stage in mining technique—honeycomb the ground in countryside

# Consider your verdict

*by*

*RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.*

AFTER a short course of driving lessons, Derek bought a car, although he was still not competent to take his driving test. One day, he asked Jock, who had held a licence for fifteen years, to go with him on a ride as the "supervisor" required by law to accompany a learner-driver.

Jock knew that Derek was not a complete beginner, and was chary of giving him too much guidance. As they approached a crossroads, the traffic lights were changing from amber to red. Derek should have stopped, but instead he accelerated. Jock realized that Derek was acting wrongly, but said nothing. He thought that they would get across safely.

Another car, with the lights in its favour, came from the right; Derek saw it too late, became flustered because of his inexperience — and there was a collision.

The police prosecuted Derek for driving "without due care and attention," and he was convicted. They also prosecuted Jock for aiding and abetting Derek's offence.

Jock felt this was unfair, and defended strongly. "I complied with the law by sitting with my friend in his car," he told the judge. "I was ready to advise and assist him if he asked me.

"It is not compulsory for the licensed passenger to control the learner's every action. That is expecting too much," he concluded.

"Jock failed to 'supervise' Derek," retorted the police. "The licensed passenger has active duties. He does not fulfil them by sitting passively in the car.

"Jock should have used his experience to try to prevent the accident. By saying nothing at all, he might as well have been at home, and is guilty of taking part in Derek's bad driving."

*What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 42*

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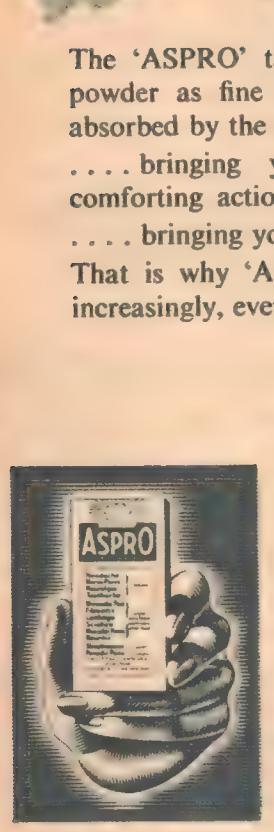


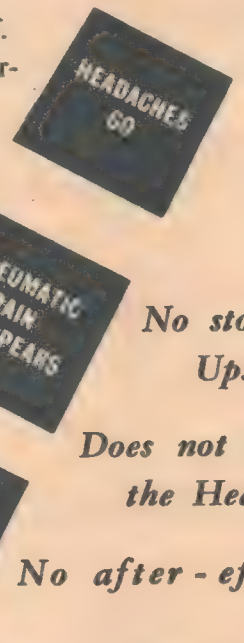


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which is a living museum of the development of coal mining science.

The mining village of Throckley straggles along both sides of the main road, about five miles outside Newcastle. A turret of the Roman Wall stood nearly in the middle of it, and fifty-five years ago the village broke unexpectedly into the news when a large hoard of Roman silver coins was unearthed there. More normally, until nationalization in 1946, the place was the seat, and to some extent the property, of the Throckley Coal Co., Ltd.

In the four square miles of its domains around the village, the Throckley Coal Company's plans showed upwards of a hundred shafts, entrances to old and often very small mines.

### The Fame Of Maria

Last year, from all that frantic mole-like activity, four mines alone survived: the Blücher (called the Wellington until the battle of Waterloo suggested a new hero to commemorate), the Coronation (Queen Victoria's), the Isabella, opened in 1869, and the Maria, which went right back into the eighteenth century and was long famed among engine drivers on the north-east runs—and, indeed, very much farther afield—for the unique steam-raising properties of its "Engine Seam."

Now, even these four heroic survivors are doomed, closed or scheduled to close in the not-distant future. So, at long last, after centuries of burrowing and hewing and manhandling, by the Romans, by the monks and bishops, by the monopolistic get-rich-quick Hostmen's Company of Newcastle, by the old landed gentry and the new capitalists, and now, finally, by the N.C.B. "on behalf of the people"—after making how many fortunes and founding how many great families and breaking how many bodies?—the coal along the Tyne was getting worked out, and the miners were moving away from the river to new and developing pits to the north and the east.

Some men had gone to the Rising Sun, at Wallsend, where they were sinking a new shaft, others to Whitley Bay, on the coast. Yet others took the bus daily to the big new drift mine being developed at Havannah, eight miles to the north.

To Havannah I followed them.

The scene at Havannah—not long ago a peaceful farm—was like a battlefield. And, incongruously, in the middle of it all coal suddenly appeared, on big mine-cars, or jogging through the chaos on conveyors. In our present situation, production can no longer wait on the neat completion of a new mine.

The Havannah's manager and engineer, two young men named Joseph Maugham and William Stephenson, showed me a detailed model of the completed surface. Pleasant, low central buildings, grouped around a square tower—in fact, the water tower for the pithead baths—were set among lawns and trees. The colliery of the fifties is hardly distinguishable in appearance from a modern school.

### One Way To The Pit

Maugham reached over the table and lifted the roof off the buildings, revealing the offices and canteens and so on within. The system was that everyone, in their street clothes, entered through a central hall with the offices of the manager, engineer and other officials grouped around its sides so as to be easily accessible to the men as they went by. Then the one-way route led on, via the canteen and the pithead baths, first the "clean side," then the "dirty side," and on through the Lamp Room and Flame Lamp Room and the Stores and the Explosives and out on to the platform where the men would climb into the twenty-four seater cars that would take them down into the mine.

For three-quarters of a mile the roadway sloped steadily down into the earth, on its lower levels at a gradient of one in four, cutting through three coal seams on its way. The technique of the drift mine, dispensing with shafts and cages, was something of an innovation in Britain as applied to large mines. Power-loaders were ready to go up to the face, loading on to a system of conveyor belts which would carry the coal all the way up to the surface and to the wagons which would take it to a central screening plant serving the district.

By any standard, it was a large and impressive operation that these young men had in their hands, yet it was only one minute item in the vast, complex, nationwide programme being mounted to conserve and utilize better the ancient and wasting asset on which industrial Britain is built. At the old Maria, at Throckley, in her last months, output was less than twenty hundredweight a manshift; at Havannah it would be thirty-four hundredweight.

A large bus park figured in the Havannah's plan. Most of the men would arrive that way. No bleak pit rows here, all living together on top of the job.

Good riddance, too, most people would say. But the miners didn't necessarily feel that way about it. A pit is as demanding and as unpredictable as an infant: managers and officials found it saved wear and tear to live on the spot. And miners—like sailors—are a special breed of men.

The thing that saddened the men most about the demise of the old pits was the breaking up of the tight little community with its own language, its own way of life, with its long lines of backyard doors, water-closets and big brick coal sheds (for the miners' free coal) confronting each other blankly, its long strips of front garden, rather soggy, utilitarian, with a pigeon-cote or two, potatoes, cabbages, a flower patch, and, almost always, the small, tangled jungle of green blades that is the leek bed.

### Terrible Passion

The leek bed is sacred ground. Every grower has his own jealously guarded specifics. Some swear by hops; others put their trust in pig manure. As, each August, the annual leek show season approaches, the mining villages on both sides of the Tyne are held in the grip of this terrible passion.

After each show, there is leek broth for the company, as usual, and for some days afterwards, in many a house, leek pudding, that classic Northumbrian dish, is regularly steaming on the table.

It was Jack Clark, secretary of the Westerhope Excelsior Social Club, himself a redoubtable trainer of leeks, who introduced me to these local mysteries. We were sitting one evening in the lounge of the club, its walls decorated with framed scrolls commemorating members' long service.

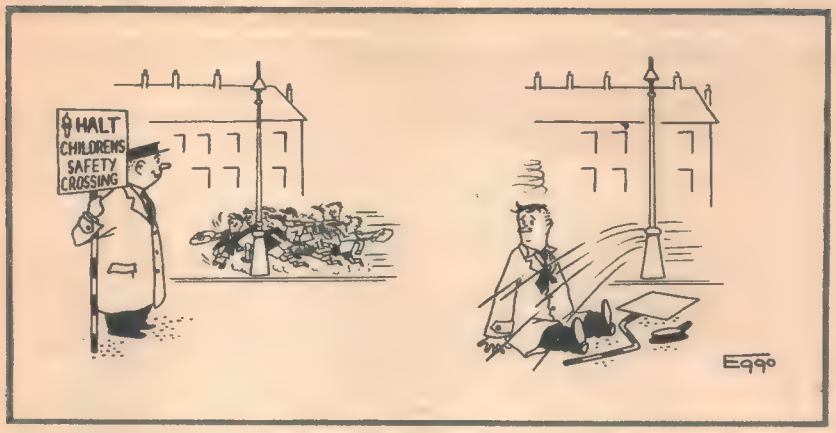
The club was, in its way, as unexpected as the leeks. It was a commodious establishment. Besides the usual billiards and bars, it had a television room, a concert hall with a good stage, quiet reading rooms, a "board room" for the elected committee, and a full-time steward and barmaid, with extra hands at weekends.

Its financial affluence would have made some of the stately institutions in Pall Mall envious. With 1,050 members on its register, its weekly takings were commonly between £450 and £500—mainly, of course, in beer. The Tyneside miner has the reputation of being a hard worker and a free spender, and his weekend capacity for beer is apt to be impressive. Seven or eight pints on a Saturday are not considered out of

## Consider your verdict

In the case on page 41, the judge said that, as a learner, Derek should have been told not to drive against the traffic lights. The duty of the licensed passenger is to "supervise" in an active manner, and not to wait until asked for advice.

The police won their case, and Jock was found guilty of aiding and abetting Derek's offence. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)




the way. (Newcastle, incidentally, shares with Middlesbrough the distinction of leading the provincial cities' drunkenness statistics with a figure three times the average.)

Four hundred of these prosperous working-men's clubs jointly own and run the big Federation Brewery in Newcastle, from which they draw their beer—and dividends approaching half a million pounds a year. Their investment in the brewery—one of the most successful examples of producers' co-operation in Britain—totals almost £1,400,000, and there is a long list of clubs waiting to come in as soon as brewing capacity can be expanded to serve them.

Jack Clark, who is also a deputy at North Walbottle, lived a street away from the Westerhope club, in one of the colliery houses of Beaumont Terrace. And there was no doubt about it, they were well-built houses, with big rooms and high ceilings—it was just that the colliery company hadn't felt that the working classes would have any use for baths or three bedrooms or internal lavatories or electricity or scullery sinks or hot water.

But an energetic tenant who didn't agree with these notions had material to work with. Clark had built another wall upstairs to make a bedroom for his daughter; he had covered in the stairs originally open clear to the top of the house; he had put a modern grate into the front room, where his leek-won trophies stood in shining lines on the shelves. Now the National Coal Board is embarking on a programme of modernization of the old colliery houses. In return, its tenants agree, under the plan, to have their annual fifteen-ton allowance of free coal reduced by three tons.

But at Jack Clark's parents' house, a few doors farther along the row, the work had not yet started. The great red fire still glowed and flickered in the immense black iron grate that reached halfway up the wall. It was like a living thing, that fire; it peopled the living-room. There was a big space at the back, above the deep, fiercely glowing well, where yet more coal could be heaped, ready to feed the flames. You put coal on these grates not by the shovel but by the bucketful.

### Symbol Of Progress

Yet they were no mere extravagance. Their glow cheered and heartened the men of the house, returning weary from the pit. Their penetrating warmth dried a man's wet pit clothes, and dried him, too, as he sluiced the black dust off his body in the tin-bath on the hearth. The miner's fire, like primitive man's, stood for much.

"Oh, it's an improvement, but I shall miss my fire," said old Mrs. Clark, doubtfully. "I doubt whether we shall get the same heat off a small fire. But our Jack's Milly says we will. . . ."

"Best speculation the Coal Board ever made," said William Clark, cannily. In ten years' time, it emerged, the three tons of coal would have paid for the alterations—but the N.C.B. would go on getting their three tons.

And so, it seemed, the revolution that was transforming working-class life in Britain had finally overtaken these tenaciously conservative pit villages: its symbol, a small, neat, modern fire-grate.

From Westerhope the road runs swiftly down to the Tyne, opposite Blaydon (of the celebrated "Races"). It drops steeply for the last quarter-mile, and from the bottom, from the river level, rises the black bank of the derelict Montague "View Pit." This gritty eminence I climbed.

And what a view it was! A murk hung over the Stygian waters, from which there emerged, dimly, the dismal shapes of engineering works, kilns and tall chimneys, and, down river, the desolate outline of the Scotswood railway bridge. The "coaly Tyne," it was, all right, from here on!

Old staithes ran out into the black water, the hated "spouts" which the old Tyne keelboatmen, seeing their livelihood vanishing, had set upon in Luddite fury. But "progress" could not be stayed, and the keelmen and the keels, which so long swarmed upon the river, ferrying their loads of coal, had faded out by the 1860s. Not, however, wholly without trace—for the workers loading coal on the Tyne today are still paid by "keelage," one "Newcastle keel" being 21.2 tons. And Newcastle still has its "Keelman's Hospital"—built by themselves in 1702 on a levy of 4d. a tide, though these days it is helping to alleviate the housing shortage, let out, by the Corporation, to fifty-five tenants at 3s. 6d. each a week.

### Upstart "Races"

And though it is heard less these days than fifty years ago, when it was commonly sung at the conclusion of dances and parties, the true national anthem of Newcastle is not the upstart "Blaydon Races," but that wonderful, lilting song, "The Keel Row":

*"O weel may the keel row,*
*The keel row, the keel row,*
*Weel may the keel row,*
*That my laddie's in."*

And now the Tyne, which I had followed from the Border, had become, beyond reclaim, the Scotswood Road, one of those relentless thoroughfares through our industrial desolation—unwavering, dispiriting, practically endless—whose names, like the Scotland Road, Liverpool, or like the Mile End Road, Stepney, are written on the hearts of millions.

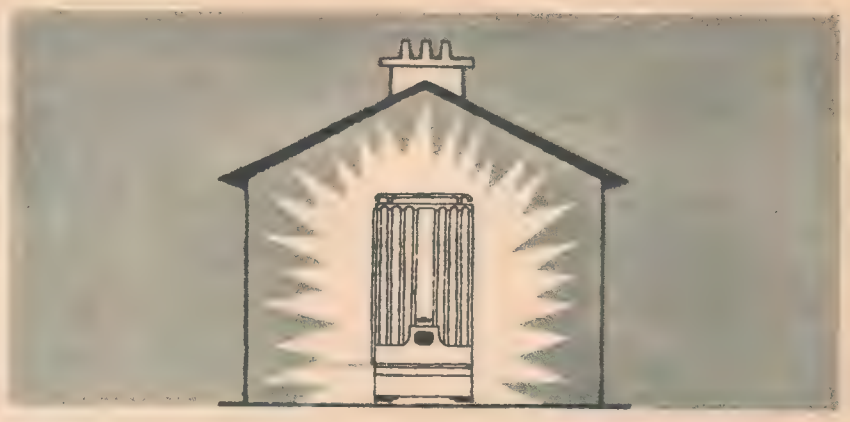
And then, almost in central Newcastle now, climbing up the steep Forth Bank from the river, a familiar name across the high wall of a workshop: "R. STEPHENSON & HAWTHORN, Locomotive Builders." Could it be? I went inside to inquire. Yes, it was—this was *the* Stephenson. This was the granddaddy of all the locomotive works in the world.

George Stephenson's original workshop, which he built in 1823, was still a part of the works. Here, in 1825, George had built "Locomotion No. 1" for the Stockton to Darlington line, the first public railway in the world. Now I found tenders being built there for Spanish locomotives—and a diesel locomotive for Queensland, Australia.

But there are no Stephensons in the firm today. George's son, Robert, an only child himself, died childless. Yet, here and there about Tyneside, there are Stephensons who proudly cherish some family link—however faint—with the great George.

And, in a sense, the most important sense, every Geordie on Tyneside can proudly and rightly claim descent from him.

***NEXT WEEK: Harry Hopkins concludes his visit to Tyneside***

# Housewarming News

## No need to run short of paraffin this winter

IN THIS YEAR'S cold spells, when everyone else is rushing round trying to get extra fuel, *you* can have enough paraffin. You wouldn't let your coal supplies get down to the last shovelful before ordering more. Why not plan ahead the same way with paraffin ?

Here is an attractive, strongly built 5-gallon Aladdin Pink Paraffin drum, specially produced by Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd. You can buy it at the shop where you get your Pink Paraffin. With one or more of these in the house you need never be short of fuel this winter. But buy now, before they all go.

Do *you* use Aladdin Pink ? There's no finer paraffin. It gives safe and even heat without smoke or unpleasant smells.

*Price 21/- complete with tap.*

# Pick PINK Paraffin

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# Alka-Seltzer

*for Indigestion!*

Indigestion caused by hurried or unwise eating is quickly relieved by one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets dissolved in warm or cold water. Speedy Alka-Seltzer neutralizes excess stomach acid, and brings quick relief from discomfort as millions of people have found. There is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer. At all chemists.

*Advertisement*

DON'T DON'T DON'T

SPEND CHRISTMAS IN THE KITCHEN!

*Says*

*ELIZABETH CRAIG*

Remember, Christmas is *your* party as well, so make a few plans now for keeping down those little jobs that take so much of your time. It's fun icing the cake—but oh, that vegetable routine on Christmas morning!

Here's a suggestion for you—serve Birds Eye Quick-Frozen Vegetables. They're ready prepared, they take less than half the usual time to cook. They're the freshest—*yes, freshest*—foods you can buy! Summer or winter!

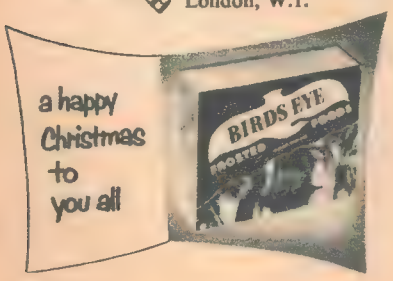
Birds Eye Quick-Frozen Peas or Green Broccoli Spears are just the thing to serve with your bird. They've been quick-frozen within hours of being picked, so they're virtually only a few hours old when you get them. *That's real freshness!* There's no work for you to do—Birds Eye do it for you! On Christmas morning it's just off with the wrapper and into the saucepan with them. A Family size carton is enough for 4. Birds Eye Peas cost only 2/2 and Broccoli Spears 2/3—and there are Small sizes, too.

A tea-time treat

So much for time-saving in the morning, now what about the afternoon tea? Tea-time is always rather special on Christmas Day. Well, make it *extra-special* this year. Give everyone some Birds Eye Strawberries. They're just as juicy as the morning they were picked—they're quick-frozen for freshness—there's no 'preserved' taste! A Family size carton costs only 2/6. And you don't need a fridge to enjoy them.

Well, I hope your party will be a terrific success. And make sure *you* enjoy it, too. So don't, don't, *don't* spend all your Christmas in the kitchen.

If you would like the name of your nearest Birds Eye shop, or have any other queries, please write to—Modern Cooking, 4, Hesketh House, Portman Sq., London, W.1.




FFV 309-1811

# A GERMAN RUSE THROWS AN ARMY INTO PANIC

*Continued from page 15*

counterstroke except in a nominal way, although the allies called it "the von Rundstedt offensive," much to his annoyance then and later, since he not only disagreed with this offensive, but washed his hands of it, leaving his subordinates to conduct it as best they could, with his H.Q. acting merely as a post office for Hitler's instructions.

The idea, the decision and the strategic plan were entirely Hitler's. The sensational opening success was due partly to new tactics developed by the young General Hasso von Manteuffel, whom Hitler had recently promoted from command of a division to command of an army, at forty-seven. But it was due quite as much to the widely paralysing effect of a half-fulfilled brain-wave of Hitler's which was aimed to open the way to victory over the allied armies, with their millions of men, by the audacious use of a few hundreds. For its execution, Hitler employed another of his discoveries, the thirty-six year old Otto Skorzeny, whom he had sent, the year before, on a glider-borne raid to rescue Mussolini from a mountain-top prison.

## Commandos Raced Ahead

Hitler's opening move was a two-wave design. In the first wave, a company of English-speaking commando troops, wearing American field jackets over their German uniforms and riding in American jeeps, was to race ahead in little packets as soon as the front was pierced—to cut telephone wires, turn sign-posts to misdirect the defenders' reserves, hang red ribbons to suggest that roads were mined, and create confusion in any other way they could. Second, a whole Panzer brigade in American "dress" was to drive through and seize the Meuse bridges.

This second wave never got going. The army staff failed to provide more than a fraction of the American tanks and trucks required, and the balance had to be made up with camouflaged German vehicles. That thin disguse entailed caution, and no clean break-through was made on the northern sector where this brigade was waiting, so its advance was postponed, and eventually abandoned.

But the first wave achieved astounding success—even more than had been expected. Some forty jeeps broke through and got busy at their confusion-spreading task—and all save eight came back safely. The few that fell into American hands caused the most trouble—by immediately creating the impression that many such sabotage bands were roving about behind the American front. One result was to cause an immense hold-up of traffic in the search for them, and hundreds of American soldiers who failed to satisfy questioners were arrested.

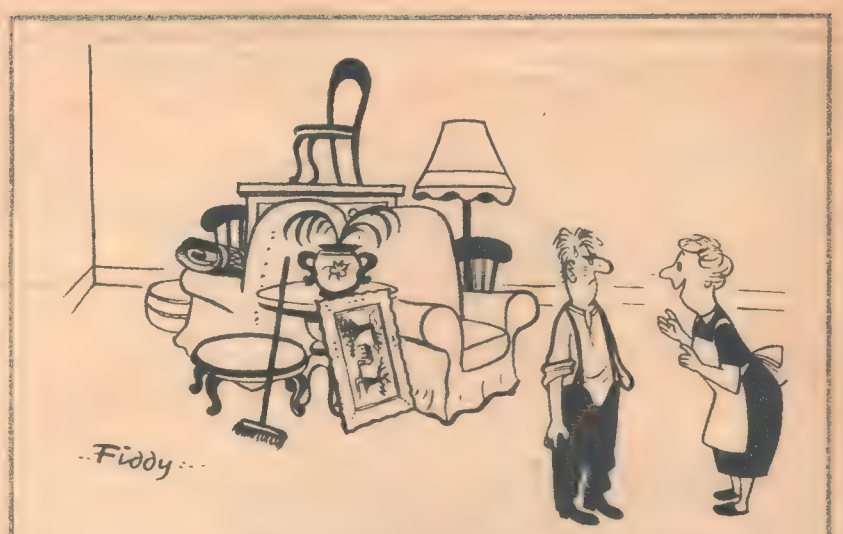
Bradley himself says: "A half-million G.I.s played cat and mouse with each other each time they met on the road. Neither rank nor credentials nor protests spared the traveller an inquisition at each intersection he passed.

## Sentry Stumped General

"Three times I was ordered to prove my identity by cautious G.I.s The first time by identifying Springfield as the capital of Illinois (my questioner held out for Chicago); the second time by locating the guard between the centre and tackle on a football line of scrimmage; the third time by naming the then current spouse of a blonde named Betty Grable. Grable stopped me but the sentry did not. Pleased at having stumped me, he nevertheless passed me on."

It was harder still for British liaison officers and visiting staff officers who did not know the right answers to such test-questions.

Then, on December 19, one of the captured raiders said, when interrogated, that some of the jeep-parties had the mission of killing Eisenhower and other high commanders. It was an unfounded rumour that had been circulated in the raiders' training camp before they were told their actual task. But now, when passed on to the Allied headquarters, it produced a security-service panic that spread the network of paralysing precautions right back to Paris—and kept it clamped on for ten days.




"*Now* we're free to experiment!"

Eisenhower's naval aide, Captain Butcher, made a diary note on December 23: "I went out to Versailles and saw Ike today. He is a prisoner of our security police and is thoroughly but helplessly irritated by the restrictions on his moves. There are all sorts of guards, some with machine guns, around the house, and he has to travel to and from the office led, and at times followed, by an armed guard in a jeep.

Fortunately, the Germans also suffered heavily from self-inflicted difficulties, as well as from overstretched resources, in straining to fulfil Hitler's excessively ambitious aims. For in the large-scale planning, his imagination ran away with him.

## Plan Was Cut And Dried

"The plan for the Ardennes offensive" Manteuffel told me, "was drawn up completely by O.K.W. [Hitler's H.Q.] and sent to us as a cut and dried 'Fuehrer order.' The object defined was to achieve a decisive victory in the West by throwing in two Panzer armies—the 6th under Dietrich, and the 5th under me. The 6th was to strike north-west, cross the River Meuse between Liége and Huy, and drive for Antwerp. It had the main rôle, and main strength. My army was to advance along a more curving line, cross the Meuse between Namur and Dinant, and push towards Brussels—to cover the flank. . . . The aim of the whole offensive was, by cutting off the British army from its bases of supply, to force it to evacuate the Continent."

The plan was presented to von Rundstedt, and the executive army group commander, Field Marshal Model, at the end of October. Describing his reactions, von Rundstedt told me: "I was staggered. Hitler had not consulted me about its possibilities. It was obvious to me that the available forces were far too small for such an extremely ambitious plan. I felt that the only hope was to wean Hitler from this fantastic aim by putting forward an alternative proposal that might appeal to him, and would be more practicable. This was for a limited offensive with the aim of pinching off the allies' salient around Aachen."

## Troops Trusted Hitler

But Hitler rejected this more modest plan, and insisted on the original design. Preparations were as stealthy as possible: most of the divisional commanders had only a few days' notice. In the case of Manteuffel's army, the move down to the starting-line was made in three nights.

This strategic camouflage helped surprise, but a heavy price was paid for the extreme internal secrecy—particularly in the case of the 6th Panzer Army. Commanders who were informed so late had too little time to study their problems, reconnoitre the ground, and make their preparations. As a result, many things were overlooked, and numerous hitches occurred when the attack began.

The biggest deficiency of all was in petrol. Manteuffel said: ". . . much of it was kept too far back, in large lorry columns on the east bank of the Rhine. Once the foggy weather cleared and the allied air forces came into action, its forwarding was badly interrupted."

The troops, ignorant of all these underlying weaknesses, kept a remarkable trust in Hitler and his assurances of victory.

Much depended on a quick advance by Sepp Dietrich's 6th Panzer Army, which was nearest the Meuse on the key sector. But his right-hand punch was blocked early by the Americans' tough defence of Monschau. His left-hand punch burst through and, bypassing Malmédy, gained a crossing over the River Amblève beyond Stavelot on December 18—after a thirty-mile advance from the starting line. But it was checked in this narrow defile, and then cornered by an American counter-move. Fresh efforts failed, in the face of the Americans' rising strength, as reserves were hurried to the scene, and the 6th Panzer Army's attack fizzled out.

On Manteuffel's front, the offensive had a good start. "My storm battalions infiltrated rapidly into the American front—like raindrops," he told me." At four o'clock in the afternoon, the tanks advanced, and pressed forward in the dark with the help of 'artificial moonlight.'" But after crossing the River Our they had to get through another awkward defile at Clervaux. These obstacles, combined with winter conditions, caused delay.

On December 18, the Germans came close to Bastogne—after an advance of nearly thirty miles—but their attempt to rush this key road-centre the next day was checked. And not entirely by the scanty defenders—for a spearhead commander confessed to me that, at this vital moment, he dallied with a young American nurse, "blonde and beautiful," who held him spellbound in a village that his troops had overrun. Battles are not always decided in the way that the military textbooks teach!

## Thrust Caused Alarm

During the next two days, successive German thrusts were foiled. So Manteuffel decided to bypass Bastogne and push on to the Meuse. But by now, allied reserves were gathering on all sides in a strength much exceeding that which the German had put into the offensive.

Eisenhower's two reserve divisions had at last been released, and were rushed to the front on December 18.

The days of opportunity had passed. Manteuffel's swerving thrust towards the Meuse caused alarm at allied headquarters, but it was too late to be really serious. According to plan, Bastogne was to have been gained on the second day, whereas it was not reached until the third, and not bypassed until the sixth day. A "small finger" came within four miles of the

Meuse at Dinant on December 24, but that was the utmost limit of progress, and the finger was soon cut off.

In the first week, the offensive had fallen far short of what was hoped, and the quickened progress at the start of the second week was illusory—for it amounted only to a deeper intrusion between the main road-centres, which the Americans were now firmly holding.

When the front was split open, Eisenhower had, on December 20, put Montgomery in charge of all the forces on the north side of the breach, including both the First and Ninth U.S. Armies, and Montgomery had brought up his own reserve corps to guard the Meuse bridges.

### "Tweaked Yankee Noses"

His confident air was an asset, but Bradley commented: "Montgomery unfortunately could not resist this chance to tweak our Yankee noses."

Montgomery spoke of having "employed the whole available power of the British group of armies" and having "finally put it into battle with a bang."

That statement caused the more irritation because, on the southern flank, Patton had been counter-attacking since December 22—and relieved Bastogne on December 26 — whereas Montgomery had insisted that he must "tidy up" the position first, and did not begin the counter-thrust from the north until January 3, while keeping his British reserves out of the battle until then.

Long before that, the Germans had abandoned their northern push and failed in a final effort on the southern wing. This last bid had followed Hitler's belated decision to switch his weight there, and back up the 5th Panzer Army's thrust. But the chance had gone.

Bitterly, Manteuffel said: "It was not until December 26 that the rest of the reserves were given to me—and then they could not be moved. They were at a standstill for lack of petrol." The irony of this situation was that on December 19, the Germans had come within four hundred yards of a huge petrol dump near Stavelot, containing two and a half million gallons—a hundred times larger than the largest of the dumps they actually captured.

### Retreat Was Forbidden

"We had hardly begun this new push," Manteuffel continued, "before the allied counter-offensive developed. I telephoned Jodl and asked him to tell the Fuehrer that I was going to withdraw my advance forces out of the nose of the salient that we had made. But Hitler forbade this step back.

"So, instead of withdrawing in time, we were driven back bit by bit under pressure of the allied attacks, suffering needlessly. Our losses were much heavier in this later stage than they had been earlier, owing to Hitler's policy of 'no withdrawal.' It spelt bankruptcy, because we could not afford such losses."

The allies had come near to disaster at the start of the Ardennes battle through neglecting their defensive flank. But in the end, it was Hitler who carried to the extreme the military belief that "attack is the best defence."

It proved to be the worst defence, wrecking Germany's chances of any further serious resistance. THE END

## ARTHUR ASKEY CLOWNS TO SAVE THE SHOW

*Continued from page 17*

head on one side. "That's funny," he said in an aside. "The sand ends right here. Bring the camera down and show the people."

The camera operator tilted his lens downward to show where the prop sands ended and the bare stage showed through. A moment later, with a "Let's get on with it," Askey was back in character.

Each Askey half-hour television show is preceded by one week of discussion with script writers and producer, followed by a week of rehearsal. For a series of six shows at fortnightly intervals, Askey likes to set aside twelve weeks free of other engagements.

Six television shows earn Askey about £900, only a fraction of the amount that he earns in twelve weeks on the stage. Nevertheless, he is shrewd enough to realize the publicity value of television and, after the pantomime season this Christmas, he will do a TV series before moving to Blackpool for the summer.

Askey went to Blackpool in the summer of 1953 following his last television series. He opened in a Lancashire comedy, *The Love Match*, with less than his usual exuberant self-confidence. He had no doubts about the play's suitability for the summer season, but he was so unsure of its fate in London that he asked Jack Hylton to write a clause in his contract excusing him from accompanying the play to the West End. Hylton refused.

### The Family Trade

When *The Love Match* came to London it opened at the 1,400-seat Palace Theatre, later transferring to the 1,500-seat Victoria Palace. It ran in London for a year, twice nightly, much to the profit of Askey, whose salary is based on a percentage of the box office takings. Equally cheering to Askey was the fact that more people came to the first houses than to the second, indicating his firm grip on the family trade.

While *The Love Match* is ostensibly a legitimate play, Askey is not the man to let stage rules and tradition come between him and the audience. He made his entry at each performance with a mock curtsy, grabbed his leading lady, Thora Hird, and waltzed about the stage.

"That," says Thora, "was to let the spectator know that we were going to have a bit of fun."

Only once during the play's eighteen months did an audience get out of hand. A boisterous party, 320 strong, began laughing at their own jokes, and their uproarious behaviour threatened to spoil the performance. Askey walked to the footlights to deal with the disturbance.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we are doing our best to entertain you. If there are any more of these interruptions, shall we ring down the curtain and all go home?"

The uproar subsided and Askey walked back on to the set, sat down, and proceeded with the action at the precise point at which he had left off.

"Daddy," says Askey's only daughter, Anthea, "treats being funny very seriously. He's always saying, 'I don't like going on the stage not knowing what I'm going to do.'"

Once he is on stage, Askey seldom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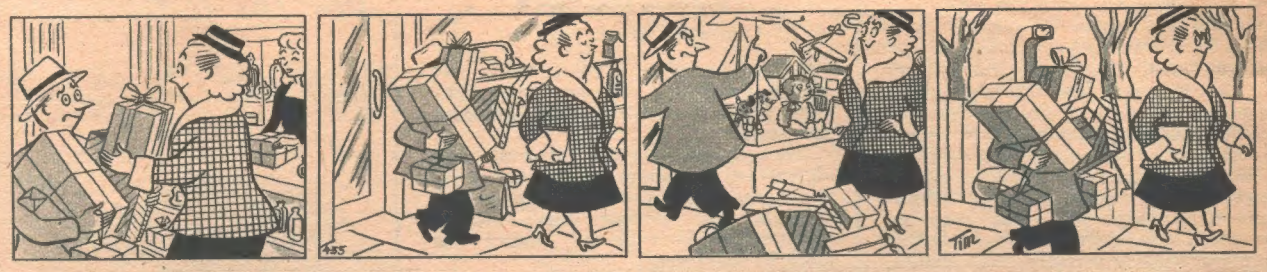

gives the same performance at two successive shows. He ad libs, improvises and tolerates departures from the script as long as the audience benefits.

His habit of varying his performances of the same part stands between Askey and his one thwarted ambition—to play Gilbert and Sullivan. All the stage directions, including comic gestures, were written down by Gilbert and are rigidly followed by the D'Oyly Carte company.

"My old concert party governor was a Savoyard," says Askey. "He told me I could be a wonderful Gilbert and Sullivan comedian but I'd never make it because I'd never stay in line."

Askey obtained his stage training in the free and easy atmosphere of concert party work. Born in Liverpool, he learned to sing in church choirs and turned to comic songs when his voice broke. At sixteen he joined the Liverpool education department as a clerk and stayed there until he was twenty-three.

Then he decided to take a chance. He resigned his job and joined a seven-member concert group as comedian.

For eight seasons the party was a fixture at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. Askey learned his trade. He sang, danced, cavorted through sketches and learned about audiences. Then, on tour in Limerick, the pianist fell ill and, as well as playing his own part, Askey doubled at the piano.

At the time, he had pince-nez glasses and, to read the piano score, took them on stage. They failed to grip his grease-painted nose and the programme was interrupted repeatedly as the spectacles flew off.

The sight of Askey, assisted by a singer, trying to find the missing pince-nez in the folds of his pierrot costume earned the company some new laughs. It also strengthened Askey's growing belief that it was worth while for a comedian to try anything as long as the laugh was on him.

"Anything" has included riding on stage on a horse that was once the property of Marshal Goering. Although he has the build of a jockey, Askey's only previous attempt at riding had ended when he was thrown by Anthea's pony. He overcame his timidity and rode Goering's horse through the run of a musical called *Bet Your Life* because it added a laugh to the finale.

### Combs Trade Mark

Askey gave up pince-nez after his marriage and adopted the heavy horn-rimmed frames that he now wears. He found them useful in identifying himself to callers who wished to hire him. Few of them got his name right and frequently he received telephone calls for Mr. Askew, Mr. Asquith and similar approximations of his name.

"You mean the little fellow with the big glasses," Askey would say. The easily recognizable description helped him build up a large and profitable practice as an after-dinner performer at clubs, banquets and Masonic meetings.

Askey's calculated naughtiness frequently finds expression in the ludicrous spectacle of the comedian clad in long woollen underwear. Now a trademark, the combs entered Askey's repertoire while he was appearing in *Band Waggon*, the prewar B.B.C. programme that established both Askey and the radio series as landmarks of humour.

In *Band Waggon*, introduced in 1938, Askey became the B.B.C.'s first resident comedian.

One reason for *Band Waggon's* success was Askey's trick of talking directly to the audience by means of asides to the microphone. When an actor made a deliberate slip, Askey would step out of character to confide to listeners: "He's turned over two pages of his script."

In subsequent series, Askey has used this technique so heavily that critics have chastized him for overdoing a good thing. However, the asides remain an essential part of his performance.

Only once has Askey had to give the show away without pretending to do so. Last Christmas he joined a group of celebrated comics for a festival party on television. Near the end of the programme, Ronnie Waldman signalled frantically that the show was running ten minutes short.

Askey seized the opportunity. For the last few moments of the performance, he circled the stage in his jaunty, short-legged comic walk.

"I'm just filling in time," he announced cheerfully. "Watch carefully. I don't get many chances to do TV." Gleefully ad libbing, Askey filled out the remainder of the programme, blatantly declaring that he was just putting in time.

Nobody believed him. THE END

## SAM LOADER MEANS BUSINESS ON MARKET DAY

*Continued from page 29*

lorry started easily. "As I'd suspected, the lack of petrol was a lie."

Competition for space in markets is fiercest just before Christmas. Pedlars of toys and novelties arrived in large numbers in a market town near London last year. Refused space, they found kerbside pitches, and began taking money before customers reached the market. The stallholders were annoyed, but the pedlars were outside the market area, and the superintendent could do nothing. Some of the rival toy salesmen, including several dressed as Santa Claus, started a fight, and the police had to be called in.

Loader, who was once a grocer, has a high opinion of regular market tradesmen—"genuine and honest outdoor shopkeepers who'd never let you down." His oldest stallholders have traded in the same positions in St. Albans for twenty years. Many are locals; others come from as far away as Brighton and Great Yarmouth.

### Nuts Were Too Cheap

Market officials everywhere have to be alert to detect visiting tricksters. "Fake cans of peaches are a favourite dodge," says Loader. "We had two men with these last year—tins of diced carrots with peach labels. Fortunately, they never come a second time."

In one rural market last summer, a newcomer stacked a stall high with carnation plants, each bearing two or three attractive blooms. Offering the plants at a give-away price, he rapidly cleared his stock. Shortly afterwards, a woman complained that the blooms were only glued on.

When goods are too cheap, Loader always investigates. Last December, a casual stallholder offered coconuts at sixpence—"impossible at that time of the year." Loader, who would have been handed a special coconut if he had bought one, arranged for a shopkeeper friend to buy two for him. He opened them, found them unfit to eat and immediately phoned the Public Health Department for an inspector.

Loader's suspicions were aroused when a stall offering non-alcoholic ginger "wine" drew a crowd which threatened to block the pavement. Pushing his way through, he saw the salesman handing people glasses of wine to taste—poured out, under cover, from a bottle of real wine.

"Give them a drink of the stuff you're selling," he ordered.

"Have a heart, Mr. Loader," the man said. "You know they wouldn't buy if I did that." Loader insisted, and the man decided to go home.

Because markets thrive best by giving good value, regular stallholders quickly tell the market inspector if they suspect another is cheating the public. But defrauded customers are often unco-operative.

Loader has been forced to believe that certain people almost enjoy being tricked. One afternoon at a mock auction he saw a man cheerfully hand over £22 for some flashy cutlery worth thirty shillings.

"He appeared quite pleased with his purchase," says Loader, who decided it would be useless to interfere.

In most markets, according to the Institute of Market Officers, strong steps are taken now to eliminate mock auctions. Loader tackled them early, and on one occasion intervened to save a housewife's money. "She had bid high for an almost worthless tea-set, and the auctioneer held her to the bid. She handed over her complete week's housekeeping money, then broke down and wept. Luckily I saw what was going on. The man gave her the money back, with a present, and kissed her. But that was more or less the end of mock auctions in the market."

Crowds have financial value in markets. Gilbert Day, the market superintendent at Hitchin, increased the volume of trade by narrowing the gangways between two facing lines of stalls. All traders prefer a pitch where there is "a weight of people." At St. Albans, Loader collects half a crown a foot for space in such busy parts, and two shillings elsewhere. The toll is halved for local residents.

### Walks Miles At Market

Loader's market day begins at 7 a.m., and does not end until late at night. "I estimate that I walk ten to twenty miles every market day," he says. "I regularly wear holes in two pairs of socks."

Loader is in charge of St. Albans cattle market on Wednesdays. The council gives him a half day on Thursdays, but no overtime for Saturdays. Market officials are paid £500-£1,200 a year, but the job generally includes extras. One Essex market inspector also acts as macebearer for the mayor. Loader's extra jobs include inspecting fireguards, hackney carriages and the premises of scrap-iron merchants.

Though Loader believes strongly that the fun of the market brings customers to St. Albans from fifteen and twenty miles away, not everyone agrees that it is entirely to the cathedral city's advantage. Once, a councillor complained to him about the congestion near a pitcher who was yelling that a parcel of flannelette sheets had "a bottle of whisky one end and a packet of ham sandwiches the other."

Loader suggested that the disgruntled councillor should look at the crowd's faces. "Nobody was worried about the congestion," he says. "Everyone was smiling." THE END

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**(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 15, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,968 result.)**

## POST ENTRY

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## vermouth

**In the true**

**Continental Manner**

A glass of Martini Dry Vermouth, well chilled and with a twist of lemon peel makes the perfect aperitif before lunch or dinner.
*(In a bar ask for 'A Dry Martini Vermouth')*